A DIARY
FOR THE
THANKFUL-HEARTED

Compiled by
MARY HODGKIN

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COMPILED BY

MARY HODGKIN

Divinity hath surely touched my heart;
I have possessed more joy than earth can lend.

ROBERT BRIDGES

THIRD EDITION

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DEDICATED TO

MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER

TO WHOM THIS BOOK
OWES SO MUCH THAT
I REJOICE TO BE
ABLE TO SEND IT
ON ITS WAY, AS A
MESSENGER OF GOOD
CHEER, NOT FROM
MYSELF ALONE, BUT

FROM

OUR HOME TRIO

A Greeting of Sympathy and Hope to All who Suffer whether in Mind, Body or Estate

"A DIARY for the Thankful-hearted" is chiefly intended for those who find it difficult to be cheerful under the circumstances in which they are placed. It owes its origin to a day in my own life when tiredness and pain were getting the better of courage. The idea then came to me of writing down, each evening, at least one thing for which I could *give thanks*.

Having arranged, for this purpose, the right-hand pages of a note-book in the form of a diary, I gathered together on the opposite pages quotations which would lead my thoughts towards hope and gratitude. These quotations are the nucleus of the present collection.

The plan worked splendidly. I had been resigned: I became thankful.

When we step out of that dark wood called Resignation, into the sunlight of Thankfulness, there is no end to the joys which meet us. In-doors or out-of-doors; Winter or Summer; ill or well; alone or with friends—we always see *something* for which to give thanks; and it is wonderful how much happier life becomes. Thankfulness is an excellent tonic.

During the preparation of this book one thought has kept recurring to me with ever-increasing insistence. It is this—"God, who giveth us all things richly to enjoy." To begin with, the emphasis seemed laid on the "ALL THINGS"; but, as time has gone on, it has changed, until one word alone now stands out, supreme:—"GOD."

For without *Him*—what?

This is certain: I should not dare to send my book on its way, were gladness in "all *things*" the only hope it had to offer.

But—GOD. The happiness that comes through knowing Him as Father, Saviour, Friend, is so deep and personal that it can only be found out by individual experience; but there is no limit to it, on God's side—there is no limit to what He can be to those who trust Him.

God, first; and then, with gentle sympathy and understanding, He Himself will teach even the most sorrowing how to see and enjoy His "all things," no-one of which is too small or too ordinary to be a messenger of His love. And the more we come to know and love the Giver, the more do those things which we have hardly looked on as gifts at all, take on increased value as the results of His thought for us; whilst the delight which we have always had in many others, grows ever deeper.

Neither is anything too small or too ordinary for which to *thank* OUR FATHER. We thank our earthly friends for whatever they give us, be it a helping hand or a flower. But most of us are inclined to be very limited in the things for which we thank

our Heavenly Friend—partly through thoughtlessness and partly, perhaps, because we feel it hardly reverent to connect Him with the little, prosaic conveniences and comforts of our daily lives.

And yet, He is our Creator. He planned the brain which invented kettles and almanacs, just as truly as He planned the marvels of Nature and the joys of friendship. He gave us the sense of humour (knowing full-well how badly we should often stand in need of it) no less than the power to pray.

"*Every* good gift" comes from Him—the least as the greatest. There is not one which He cannot use to bring us nearer to Himself—nearer to the most perfect Gift He ever gave—His Son, Jesus Christ.

We beseech Thee, give us that due sense of all Thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we show forth Thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to Thy service, and by walking before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

A Few Words of Gratitude to Many Friends Known and Unknown

IT is not only customary, but also right, that any book which is in the nature of an Anthology should be prefaced by words of gratitude to the many without whose help it could never have been brought into existence.

In the present case, the very title of the book paves the way for fuller acknowledgment of kindness received than the merely formal and necessary. Where to begin, is the first problem : where to end, the next ; for the extent of my indebtedness seems almost limitless.

My thoughts of gratitude turn in the first place towards those with whom I share " the common round, the daily task " of my home. But for their sympathetic interest in my book (an interest expressed both by word and deed), and for their cheery encouragement when my own courage was like to fail, " A Diary for the Thankful-hearted " would have remained the dream it has been these many years past.

Further afield, my thanks are due, in no small measure, to those relations, friends and acquaintances who have given help in the following ways : by suggestion and criticism ; by typing and other clerical work ; by loans of books, correcting of

proofs, etc., etc. The number of these helpers is so large and the value of *all* their various contributions has been so greatly appreciated, that it seems best to alter my original intention and to forbear from mentioning any one of them by name.

Still further afield, because (with but few exceptions) entirely unknown to me save through their letters, my gratitude reaches out to that wonderful company of Authors and Publishers in whose hands has rested, to a very considerable extent, the power to make or mar this book. Almost with one accord they have helped to "make" it—and that, often in a spirit so kindly and generous as to send me on my way rejoicing, and to remind me of a very true saying,

> "The little more, and how much it is;
> The little less, and what worlds away."

Some of the quotations are from writers to whom it is no longer possible to convey my thanks through these pages, for they have passed on; but to them, also, I feel no less indebted.

Last, but by no means least, I should like to take this opportunity of gratefully recording the unfailing courtesy and helpfulness of my Publishers—Messrs. Methuen and Co., Ltd.—and the kindness of Mr. Hubert W. Peet (of The Central Literature Council of the Society of Friends) through whose good offices they and I were first brought into touch.

NOTE.—If I have included any extracts for the use of which I should have obtained permission but have failed so to do, I would ask the Author or Publisher concerned to accept my sincere apologies.

Note to the Second Edition

So many expressions of gratitude for the message of this book have reached me, that I am encouraged to issue a second, and less expensive, edition.

To my eldest brother, J. Edward Hodgkin, I am much indebted for the frontispiece which he has painted, to symbolise The Gateway to Thankfulness. The Gate stands open, inviting us to leave the clouds behind for the sunshine before.

M.H.

Elm Ridge,
Darlington.
November, 1924.

AN INDEX OF AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

(Those to whom acknowledgment is made for permission to use copyright material are distinguished by an asterisk.)

* ABBOTT, LYMAN
I neither know, nor wish to know . *Nov.* 26
If we believe that the Son of God . *Aug.* 11
ADAMS, EMILY
Oh, it is lovely to remember . . *Aug.* 2
ALEXANDER, A. C. (* Messrs. A. Melrose, Ltd.)
How lovely is Thy world to-day . . *Aug.* 13
(" Poems of Three Pastorates ")
ALLEN, W. C. (* " The American Friend ")
There's healing by the waters . . *June* 22
* ALLSOPP, HENRY
We wandered through the wooded . *Oct.* 8
(" The Voice of One ")
ANONYMOUS
A laugh is just like sunshine . . *Feb.* 15
A poker is an ever-present . . . *Oct.* 29
For the quiet joy of duty, Praise . . *Jan.* 20
God has given us our memories . . *Sept.* 23
God is good. The pretty flowers . *June* 12
Here in my workshop where I toil . *May* 13
He sowed and hoped for reaping . . *Dec.* 26
How much of the pleasure that . . *Dec.* 6
I know not the way I am going . . *Sept.* 30
I'll tell you what it murmured . . *Feb.* 5
I shall always be the better . . *May* 7
Let them sing of bright red gold . . *July* 19
Little child, with face so bright . . *June* 1
Now with no care or fear . . . *Nov.* (*end*)
Rheumatiz is bad, indeed ; but I . *March* 13

ANONYMOUS (*cont.*)
She's only a working girl, busy . . *Aug.* (*end*)
Since Calvary and Olivet . . . *April* 14
So tired, Lord—Thou knowest all . *Aug.* 26
Swiftly the dropping sands of time . *Sept.* 19
Thank God for life ; life is not sweet . *May* 21
Thank God for music ! for the pleasant *Aug.* 19
The day was dull and drenched and . *Nov.* (*end*)
Think of—Stepping on shore, and . *Feb.* 19
This is your birthday. On the . . *May* 9
Though we may have a hard pillow . *April* 14
We have a Leader, so gentle, that we . *May* 14
When I am weary, I do not try to pray *Dec.* 11
AUGUSTINE, SAINT
Lord, when I look upon mine own . *June* 29
To praise Thee is the joy and . . *July* 21
The eyes love fair and varied forms . *March* 20
Thou awakest us to delight in Thy . *Sept.* 12
AVEBURY, LORD
After all, the true pleasures of home . *Sept.* 8
It is no doubt a great privilege . . *March* 9
Much of what we call evil is really . *April* 25
Our climate is so happy, that even in . *Oct.* 30
Surely Marcus Aurelius . . . wisely . *Feb.* 25
When we contemplate the grandeur of . *Dec.* 14
Where the untrained eye will see . . *Aug.* 31

* B., M.
Joy of heart lies in the fact that . . *April* 4
. . . thankful for the bond of unity . *Sept.* 24
We all know the joy that comes to . *Nov.* 12
* BALFOUR, LADY FRANCES (* Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)
When we give what we have, the Lord *April* 9
BARING-GOULD, S. (* Messrs. Skeffington & Son, Ltd.)
The shackles are *not* indissoluble . . *Sept.* 28
BARRIE, SIR J. M.
Those who bring sunshine into the . *April* 16
BARLOW, GEORGE
And is not love enough ? To give . *Feb.* 13

* Bashford, H. H. (* Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd.)
" To me . . . this personal God, this . *April* 30
Baxter, Richard
Every place that I have lived in was . *May* 22
Bayly, Mrs. (* Messrs. J. Nisbet & Co., Ltd.)
" I took my Sunday morning . . *Feb.* 23
" People think I must be dull ! . . *June* 28
" We have had a very happy time . *Aug.* 16
" Beacon, The "
A smile is quite a funny thing . . *Nov.* 15
* Begbie, Harold (* Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)
Old Joe, for all he is paralysed . . *Sept.* 20
Benson, A. C. (* Mr. John Murray)
I do not flatter myself that I hold . *June* 4
One further gain . . . was that my . *March* 26
Bewsher, Paul (* Messrs. Erskine Macdonald, Ltd.)
I love the little daisies on the lawn . *June* 14
(" The Dawn Patrol and other Poems of an Aviator ")
Bickersteth, Bishop E. H. (* The Rev. Dr. Bickersteth)
Peace ! perfect peace ! by thronging . *March* 18
Peace ! perfect peace ! with loved . *Oct.* 20
Peace ! perfect peace ! our future all . *Dec.* 31
Blake, William
. . . can He who smiles on all . . *Oct.* 27
Bland, Hubert
I always found that when I had been . *Dec.* 23
" Book of Common Prayer, The "
We beseech Thee, give us that due . *Page* *ix*
Boreham, F. W. (* Mr. J. A. Sharp)
A commonplace life, we say and we . *Sept.* 6
In small matters in which we cannot . *Dec.* 24
Bottome, Margaret (* Mrs. W. M. Bottome) (* Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)
I often see you as you were when . *Jan.* 26
It is a wonderful thing to be " alive . *March* 15
My spiritual Thanksgiving has thrown . *Sept.* 26

* Bridges, Robert (* Mr. John Murray)
Divinity hath surely touched . . *Title-page*
Brooks, Charles T.
The blind man listening walks . . *Feb.* 26
Brooks, Phillips (* Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)
We ought not to talk as if only . . *Dec.* 4
Brown, J. E. A.
If it were but some little thing . . *Aug.* 4
Brown, T. E. (* Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)
A garden is a lovesome thing . . *June* 27
A little maiden met me in the lane . *Sept.* 1
When all the sky is pure . . . *Jan.* 31
Browne, Sir Thomas
I thank God for my happy dreams . *Dec.* 19
Browning, E. B. (* Mr. John Murray)
And voices, which, to name me, aye . *March* 1
From his personal loss He has come . *Feb.* 12
God's gifts put man's best dreams . *June* 7
" *I* was too ambitious in my deed, . *June* 2
O, the little birds sang east, and . . *Sept.* 25
" So works this music on the earth ! . *Jan.* 30
Browning, Robert (* Mr. John Murray)
God, whom I praise ; how could I . *Jan.* 12
Grow old along with me ! The best . *Sept.* (*end*)
Let us not always say " Spite of . . *Aug.* 30
We're made so that we love. . . *April* 27
Byron, Lord
. . . a pen, that mighty instrument . *Nov.* 13
* Byron, May (* Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)
My house is little, but warm enough . *June* (*end*)

Cairns, Lord
Every day I rise with a . . . *Dec.* 20
Carpenter, Edward (* Messrs. G. Allen & Unwin, Ltd.)
For the final, deep, abiding sense . . *Feb.* 4
Carroll, Lewis (* Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)
Say, what is the spell, when her . . *May* (*end*)

"CHALLENGE, THE"
Let us thank God for our friends . . *April* 28
CHALMERS, JAMES
Thank God for bairns' prayers! . . *June* 1
CHALMERS, P. R. (* Messrs. Maunsel & Roberts, Ltd.)
It was early last September . . *Sept.* 21
("Green Days and Blue Days")
CHARLEMAGNE
Christ is conquering; Christ is . . *Dec.* 31
"CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, THE"
"I wonder you can be at all content . *April* 20
CLARKE, J. FREEMAN
When I consider what some books . *Jan.* 22
CLOUGH, A. HUGH
It fortifies my soul to know . . . *May* 29
COLERIDGE, S. TAYLOR
I have found in it [the Bible] words . *May* 30
Plotinus thanked God that his soul . *April* 6
Poetry has been to me "its own . . *Nov.* 7
CONTRIBUTED
I will sing unto the Lord a song . . *Feb.* 29
"Martha was telling me that she . . *March* 6
Some years ago, a lady in Hammarfest *June* 9
*CONVERSE, FLORENCE (Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.)
"I'm thankful for not being able to . *Aug.* 25
COOK, ELIZA
I love it—I love it, and who shall . *Oct.* 29
COOLIDGE, SUSAN
The day is long and the day is hard . *April* 13
COOPER, E. H. (* Mr. John Lane)
The disease of fame is on me sorely . *July* 3
"CORINTHIANS, 2nd"
The God of all comfort; who . . *March* 29
COTTON, CHARLES
How calm and quiet a delight . . *July* 16
COWPER, WILLIAM
How soft the music of those village . *July* 16
Though thy clime Be fickle . . . *March* 8

CRABBE, GEORGE
Blest be that gracious Power, who . *Aug.* 8
"CUP OF WAR, THE"
In my heart I said, "You cannot . . *Oct.* 4

DANDRIDGE, DANSKE CAROLINA (*Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York)
Thou Heart! why dost thou lift thy . *Oct* 5
DAVIES, W. H. (*Mr. J. Cape)
I hear it said yon land is poor . . *May* 23
("Forty New Poems")
DAWSON, GEORGE
Source of all light, guiding and . . *Dec.* 22
DEFOE, DANIEL
I drew up the state of my affairs . . *March* 5
One morning early, lying in my bed . *Oct.* 6
DEWSBURY, WILLIAM
My dead soul heard His voice . . *Oct.* 31
DICKENS, CHARLES
O, what a thing it is, in a time of . *Jan.* 25
"See yonder there—that's my friend" . *Sept.* 7
*DIVALL, EDITH H. (The Sunday School Union)
It is well that when storm-clouds . . *Aug.* 5
("A Believer's Thoughts")
DODDRIDGE, PHILIP
"Dum vivimus vivamus" . . . *Feb.* 17
*DOUGLAS, O. (*Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)
"I'm glad I wasn't invented before . *Oct.* 18
"They are a great comfort, the . . *Aug.* 17
"You can't think what a delight . . *July* 17
DRINKWATER, JOHN (*Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.)
Beyond my window in the night . . *March* 10
("Swords and Ploughshares")
DRUMMOND, HENRY (*Mr. J. W. Drummond) (*Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)
Hundreds of years before Christ's . *May* 16
One of the specific objects of . . *June* 13
Tens of thousands of persons who are . *Jan.* 14

DRUMMOND, HENRY (*cont.*)
The contribution of Christianity to the . *Sept.* 11
To love abundantly is to live abundantly *April* 9
"DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE"
Trouble? dear friend, I know her not . *Sept.* 13

"ECCLESIASTICUS"
From the Most High cometh healing . *Nov.* 30
He comforteth them that are losing . *April* 6
The chief of all things necessary . . *Dec.* 1
* EKINS, A. J. (* Messrs. Marshall Bros. Ltd.)
"For myself, I want to 'sing unto the . *May* 4
"In these days, when there is a good . *Jan.* 4
ELIOT, GEORGE (* Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons)
Animals are such agreeable friends . *Sept.* 9
The blessed work of helping forward . *May* 10
We could never have loved the earth . *Jan.* 28
EMERSON, R. W.
Burly, dozing humble-bee . . . *Aug.* 20
I awoke this morning with devout . *June* 16
If the stars should appear one . . *Feb.* 9
EPICTETUS
Great is God, who has given us . . *July* 24
What else can I do, a lame old man . *Feb.* 2
When a man has such things to . . *Feb.* 2
ERSKINE, THOMAS
I like to think of His binding souls . *June* 17
"ESPECIALLY WILLIAM" (* Author of)
"I thank God every minute that He . *July* 30
The prayers we can't pray in detail . *Aug.* 29
EUCKEN, RUDOLF
Above and beyond merely human . . *Feb.* (*end*)
EVERETT, EDWARD
The cheap convenience of an . . *Jan.* 3

FABER, F. W.
All things that have been, all that are . *Dec.* 21
It is a joy to me to be a joy . . *May* 10
We own no gloomy ordinance . . *Oct.* 11
FAIRLESS, M. (* Messrs. Duckworth & Co.)
I thanked God that there need be . *Jan.* 7

FARRAR, F. W. (*Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)
In this great commercial city . . *Feb.* (*end*)
FEUVRE, AMY LE (* The Oxford University Press)
" Dear God is rather busy on Sundays " *Jan.* 5
" Sorra meself would I be, to be . . *Nov.* 6
" Thank God for the smilers . . *July* 11
FIELD, JESSIE
I believe I can have a part in the . . *April* 3
Through studying the best way to do . *Sept.* 19
* FISHER, A. HUGH (* Messrs. Selwyn & Blount, Ltd.)
Over the corn, A little wind's running . *Aug.* 18
(" Twelve Poets ")
FOX, GEORGE
When all my hopes in . . . all men . *Feb.* (*end*)
" FRÄULEIN SCHMIDT AND MR. ANSTRUTHER "
(* Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)
I cannot tell you how much life . . *Aug.* 11
It is beautiful, beautiful to give . . *June* 3
" It is quite extraordinary the effect . *Jan.* 13
FREEMAN, JOHN (* Messrs. Selwyn & Blount, Ltd.)
Than these November skies . . . *Nov.* 1
(" Stone Trees and Other Poems ")
FROTHINGHAM, N. L.
" I always see in dreams " . . . *April* 21

GANNETT, WILLIAM C.
The smallest roadside pool has . . *Nov.* 8
GERHARDT, PAULUS
Shall I not sing praise to Thee . . *Dec.* 30
* GIBSON, WILFRID W. (*[1] Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.) (*[2] Messrs. Elkin Matthews, Ltd.)
[1] And after all, 'twas snug and . . *Nov.* 24
(" Livelihood ")
[1] I long to shape in stone What life . *May* 31
[1] The house we built with hands . . *Nov.* 9
(" Neighbours ")
[2] Said the Old Young Man to the . . *April* 19
(" Thoroughfares ")

GOETHE, JOHANN W. VON
Rest is not quitting The busy career . *March (end)*
The Lord my God hath dealt . . *April* 12
GORDON, GEORGE A.
I give thanks to-day that I was called . *May* 17
I give thanks to-day, and with the . *Oct.* 3
* GRAY, MIRIAM
God is the only one who *never* makes . *May* 12
I came to understand that I wanted . *Aug.* 12
If you can't read your novel with . *Feb.* 22
" My dear Miriam, . . . You go in and . *Sept.* 15
GREEN, J. RICHARD
What seems to grow fairer to me . . *Feb.* 28
GREENWELL, DORA (* The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.)
Content, content ! within a quiet room *Nov.* 17
He sang of the light that breaks . . *May* 11
. . . when our Hannah goes, What we . *April* 10
(" Poems ")
GROVES, HENRY (* Messrs. S. Bagster & Sons, Ltd.)
What a privilege it is to be enabled . *May* 17
(" Sunday Light ")
GURNEY, E. R.
" I needed you." What a joy-bringing *Feb.* 11
GUYON, MADAM
A little bird I am, Shut from the . . *Jan.* 16
To me remains nor place nor time . *Feb.* 6

*H., M.
It suddenly struck her that she . . *Oct.* 17
Oh, the beauty of God's world ! . . *April* 1
To-night, dear Lord, instead of . . *Dec.* 16
Why speak of those whom age . . *Jan.* 27
HARDY, H. J.
" How dismal you look ! " said . . *Nov.* 28
HARE, MARIA
What a pleasure it is to think that . *Sept.* 23
HARTE, F. BRET
Over the chimney the night wind sang . *Nov.* 23

* HARVEY, F. W. (Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.)
When God had finished the stars . . *Feb.* 16
("Ducks and other Verses")
* HASELER, D. B. (Messrs. W. Heffer & Sons, Cambridge)
My Uncle Job one Summer's day . . *July* 12
("Cambridge Poets. 1914–1920")
HAVERGAL, F. R. (* Messrs. J. Nisbet & Co Ltd.)
Sometimes the Master gives to me . *July* 4
The easy path in the lowland . . *Oct.* 24
Thou art coming! We are waiting . *Aug.* 15
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL
If I value myself on anything . . *June* 1
HAY, JOHN (* The Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston)
Not in dumb resignation . . . *July* 6
HEBER, BISHOP REGINALD
I praised the earth, in beauty seen . *Feb.* 18
HEINE, HEINRICH
Outside fall the snowflakes lightly . *March* 2
HERBERT, GEORGE
The shepherds sing; and shall I silent . *Dec.* 3
HERFORD, OLIVER (* Messrs. Gay & Hancock, Ltd.)
"Oh, dear! is summer over?" . . *May* 3
HERRICK, ROBERT
Here, here I live with what my board . *Feb.* 7
Lord, Thou hast given me a cell . . *July* 20
Since shed or cottage I have none . *April* 17
Though clock, To tell how night . . *June* 25
What God gives, and what we take . *Nov.* 19
HILARY, BISHOP
Faith in Christ removes both fear . *Nov.* 27
* HODGKIN, J. B.
History, the child of Literature . . *Aug.* 22
Thank God for humour! . . . *Feb.* 15
* HODGKIN, RONALD
O, it's grand to live, and grander . *July* 5

HOGBEN, T. (*Miss Hogben)
What a joy that we can give joy . . *Jan.* 15
*HOLDSWORTH, L. VIOLET
This empty cup for Thee to fill . . *March* 30
HOOD, THOMAS
Oh, bed! bed! bed! . . . . . *Feb.* 8
Thrice blessed, rather, is the man . . *June* 26
HOW, BISHOP W. WALSHAM
For all the saints who from their . . *Aug.* 2
HOWELLS, W. D. (*Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd.)
Lord, for the erring thought . . *Sept.* 27
HOWITT, MARY
And the dog is still faithful . . . *Sept.* 9
God might have made the earth . . *Jan.* 29
I saw a little Woodmouse once . . *May* 27
*HOYLAND, J. S. (The Challenge, Ltd.)
Father, We thank Thee that we can . *Dec.* 27
Lover of men, We thank Thee that . *May* 8
HUGO, VICTOR
Be like the bird, That, pausing in . *Aug.* 24
HUNT, J. H. LEIGH
God made both tears and laughter . *April* 5

INCHFAWN, FAY (*The Religious Tract Society)
Because He heard my voice . . *July* 26
"INFANTS' MAGAZINE, THE"
Oh, isn't it nice, when beginning . . *Oct.* 29
INGELOW, JEAN
I am glad to think I am not bound to . *April* 8
What though unmarked the happy . *July* 22
IRVING, WASHINGTON
It is the divine attribute of the . . *March* 11

"JOB"
God my Maker, who giveth songs . *Oct.* 2

KEATS, JOHN
A thing of beauty is a joy for ever . *Nov.* 4

KELLER, HELEN
It must be that when the Lord took . *June* 5
KEMPIS, THOMAS À
He doeth much that loveth much . *Aug.* 6
KING, HARRIET ELEANOR HAMILTON (*Messrs. K. Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.)
For the glory and the passion . . *July* 1
KINGSLEY, CHARLES
Hark to that jolly old missel-thrush . *May* 1
Music, without words, is wonderful . *Dec.* 2
The expression of love produces . . *Sept.* 29
These glorious things—words— . . *Feb.* 27
KLINGLE, GEORGE
God broke the years to hours . *Jan.* 1

'LADY OF THE DECORATION, THE" (*Author of) (*Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)
He declared that sacrifice was the . *Nov.* 11
I have come at last to see that God . *June* 19
LANE, RICHARD
O Master Workman, if Thou choose . *July* 23
LANGBRIDGE, F. (*The Religious Tract Society)
"A Cupboard for Preserves" . . *July* 14
"Compensations" . . . . *March* 21
"Love is a Great Linguist" . . *Dec.* 7
LAPHAM-HAZARD, CORA
Full rich is he who, seeing . . *May* 6
LARCOM, LUCY (*The Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston)
I do not own an inch of land . . *June* 7
I said it in the meadow path . . *April* (*end*)
*LAW, R. H. (Messrs. Elkin Matthews, Ltd.)
How well we knew along our road . *May* 19
("Moorland Sanctuary")
"LEAVES WORTH TURNING" (*Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd.)
There's not a heath, however rude . *Sept.* 22
*LEHMANN, R. N. (Messrs. W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd., Cambridge)
Here, where the nights are still . . *April* 22
("Cambridge Poets")

* Leigh, Lorma (* Messrs. J. Hewetson & Son, Hampstead)
How I love the hum of the drowsy . *June* 23
(" The White Gate and Other Poems ")
Leonard, George Hare
Thankfulness, with her, was more than *April* 4
Lessing, G. E.
To look forward to a pleasure . . *May* 18
* Locke, W. J. (* Mr. John Lane)
Better to have wings that are clipped *June* 20
Longfellow, H. W.
How beautiful is the rain ! . . . *June* 10
Loveman, Robert (* Messrs. J. Nisbet & Co., Ltd.)
It isn't raining rain to me . . . *March* 19
(" Gems from Many Sources ")
Luther, Martin
Music is . . . one of the most . . *Sept.* 18
Lynch, T. T.
When little boys with merry . . *Oct.* 10

Macdonald, George (* Messrs. K. Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.)
Father of life, we praise Thee . . *Aug.* 14
Mackay, Charles (* Messrs. G. Routledge & Sons, Ltd.)
A traveller through a dusty road . . *Aug.* (*end*)
Cleon hath a million acres . . . *Nov.* 20
* Macnaghten, H. (* " The Spectator ")
In Switzerland one idle day . . . *Aug.* 9
Macnaughton, S. (* Mr. John Murray)
There are memories which we cling to . *March* 27
Maeterlinck, Maurice (* Messrs. G. Allen & Unwin, Ltd.)
As for the luxurious flowers . . . *April* 2
* Magnus, Lady
Good as it is to make use of . . *Oct.* 26
Mason, C. A. (* The Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston)
Whichever way the wind doth blow . *March* 25

MATHESON, G. (* Miss Matheson)
O Love that wilt not let me go . . *Oct.* 1
MEREDITH, G. (* Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd. : * Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)
When I had shed my glad year's leaf . *July* 28
MILTON, JOHN
When I consider how my light . . *Sept.* 17
MITCHELL, I. D. (* Messrs. J. Clarke & Co., Ltd.)
An eager look in two little eyes . . *April* 11
(" Dr. Isabel Mitchell, of Manchuria ")
MITFORD, M. R.
I have felt this blessing . . . *Oct.* 22
What a sunset ! . . . . . *May* 25
*MOBERLY, L. G.
I do not think that even an . . . *July* 27
*MONRO, HAROLD
Since man has been articulate . . *Jan.* (*end*)
(" Georgian Poetry. 1916–1917 ")
MONTAIGNE, M. E.
I am nevertheless a strange lover of . *July* 17
MORDAUNT, ELINOR (* Mr. W. Heinemann)
The flakes are still falling slowly . . *Feb.* 1
MORRIS, W. (* Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.)
Lo, when we wade the tangled . . *Oct.* 7
(" Poems by the Way ")
MYERS, F. W. H. (* Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)
Hearts I have won of sister or . . *June* 18
Yet not in solitude if Christ . . . *Jan.* 24
" MY MAGAZINE " (* Mr. Arthur Mee)
Dolls and breakfast, walks and toys . *Aug.* 10
Said a mouse to a bee . . . . *Nov.* 16
You can tell that a boy is very ill . *Oct.* 9

NESBIT, W. D. (* " The American Friend ")
Ho, brother, it's the handclasp . . *Nov.* 14
NICOL, A. S.
At times the wish hath come to me . *Nov.* 3

O'KEEFFE, A. (Wells-Gardner, Darton & Co., Ltd.)
For Thy protection whilst I slept . . *Dec.* 19
O'NEILL, MOIRA (Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons)
When we were little childer . . . *Oct.* (*end*)
(" Songs of the Glens of Antrim ")
O'ROURKE, MAY (* Messrs. Erskine Macdonald, Ltd.)
To failing strength a stick . . . *Dec.* 10
(" West Wind Days ")
ORR, E. C. (* Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge)
" I do not know how I should . . *Nov.* 13
To rejoice with those who do . . *Aug.* 7
* OXENHAM, J. (* Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.)
Burden bearers are we all . . . *July* 2
I have been tried, Tried in the fire . *Sept.* 14
Not what, but *Whom*, I do believe . *Feb.* 21
" A Little Te Deum of the Common-place " . . . *Beginning of each month*
(" Bees in Amber ")

PALMER, G. H. (* The Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston)
One July morning . . . . *Interlude*
PATER, WALTER (* Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)
These simple gifts, and others . . *March* 3
PEABODY, FRANCIS G.
It is a great source of happiness . . *Oct.* 13
* PICKUP, ALICE
I scarcely know what to say . . *Jan.* 21
PIERPOINT, F. S.
For the beauty of the earth . . . *March* 22
" PILOT, THE " (* Messrs. J. Clarke & Co., Ltd.)
It is our joy and comfort . . . *Aug.* 23
Spirit of love and wisdom . . . *Feb.* 20
PIXLEY, F. S.
So, when the summer skies . . . *Oct.* 28
" PRAYER, PART OF A " (* Mrs. W. Greenfield)
With confidence of heart . . . *Aug.* 3

PROSSER, L.
Eternity will not be too long . . *June* 30
" PSALMS "
The Lord is my light and my salvation . *Dec.* 5
The Lord is my shepherd . . . *Jan.* 17
Whoso offereth . . . *Title-page to Quotations*
" PUNCH " (* The Proprietors of " Punch ")
Most blessed things come silently . . *Dec.* 12
When we are out upon the hills . . *June* 24
PUSEY, E. B. (* Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.)
May my whole being, O God . . *Jan.* 18

" QUARTERLY MAIL, THE "
Kingsley once had a visit from . . *March* 17

R., A. G.
I thank Thee for the loneliness . . *Oct.* 23
RANDS, W. B. (*Mr. John Lane)
I thought to myself, How nice . . *May* 20
(" Lilliput Lecture ")
RANKIN, I. O.
O Lord, we thank Thee for . . . *July* 25
RAUSCHENBUSCH, W. (* The Pilgrim Press, Boston)
O God, we offer Thee praise . . *Aug.* 1
O God, we thank Thee for this . . *Sept.* 2
O Lord . . . we bless Thee that Thou . *April* 7
Our Father, as we turn to the comfort . *Feb.* 10
Our Father, Thou art the final . . *Nov.* 18
Our Father, we thank Thee for all . *Jan.* 23
We praise Thee, O God, for our friends . *Oct.* 14
We thank Thee that we have tasted . *Aug.* 27
RICHARDS, LAURA E. (* Messrs. H. R. Allenson, Ltd.)
" Can I see the stars only at night . *Dec.* 15
Once there was a woman who . . *May* 5
(" The Golden Windows ")
RICHTER, J. P. F.
In his seventy-second year, his face . *May* 2

RITTER, MELCHIOR
In Thy love is the highest joy . . *Feb.* 17
ROBINSON, FORBES (* Canon C. H. Robinson)
" Breathe in the fresh air . . . *Sept.* 4
" I can only tell you what I have . . *Dec.* 29
" I delight in the feeling . . . *Feb.* 3
" It is a comfort that there is One . *March* 23
" To be a reasonable human being . *Sept.* 10
" What a strange place a hospital is ! *Nov.* 29
ROBINSON, T. R.
" All will be well " . . . . *Dec.* (*end*)
ROBINSON, WADE (* Messrs. Marshall Bros., Ltd.)
Heaven above is softer blue . . . *Sept.* 16
(" Hymns of Consecration and Faith ")
" ROMANS "
Who shall separate us from . . . *July* 31
ROSSETTI, C. G. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge)
Love came down at Christmas . . *Dec.* 25
Upon my hill of sorrows . . . *Nov.* 22
RUSKIN, JOHN (* Messrs. G. Allen & Unwin, Ltd.)
Consider what we owe to the . . *July* 13
It is a strange thing how little . . *Dec.* 13
Sometimes a distant sail . . . *Oct.* 19
The weakest among us has a gift . . *Feb.* 11
We habitually think of the rain-cloud . *Nov.* 2
RUTHERFORD, SAMUEL
I never knew by my nine years' . . *Oct.* 15
I think it a sweet thing . . . *June* 21
Our little inch of time-suffering . . *Aug.* 26

* S., F. R.
I expect we all have the same . . *March* 20
" ST. NICHOLAS " (* The Century Co., New York)
" O Daffy-down-dilly, the air is so . *March* 7
SAXBY, J. E.
Thou art with me, O my Father . . *Dec.* 17

"Scientific Journal"
How singular, yet how simple, the . *Nov.* 2
Scott, Walter
Bilious and headache this morning . *March* 12
Seneca
The comfort of having a friend . . *Oct.* 22
Shaftesbury, A. A. Cooper, Earl of
The joyous duty of mutual service . *Feb.* 11
*Shaw, G. B.
This is the true joy in life . . . *May* 2
Shakespeare, William
You shall perceive how you mistake . *Oct.* 22
Sigourney, Mrs.
Why should I cloud my brow? . . *July* 29
Simpson, Jane C.
O not a joy or blessing . . . *Aug.* 28
Smith, Alexander
All things have something more than . *Aug.* 21
Smith, Sydney
Thank God for tea! . . . . *April* 18
Smith, Walter C. (* Messrs. A. Melrose, Ltd.)
Am I wrong to be always so happy? . *May* 31
And if to-night mine inn be good . *Oct.* 30
How can I thank Thee enough for . *Aug.* 25
Southey, Robert
How beautiful is Night! . . . *Dec.* 18
*Sparling, Rebecca
I thank Thee for thy loving care . . *March* 16
Squire, J. C. (Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)
I have seen this day men in the . . *Dec.* 8
("Poems. 2nd Series")
Stephens, James (* Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)
The night was creeping on the ground . *July* 8
("The Adventures of Seumas Beg")
Stevenson, J. S.
Mr. ——'s articles demand . . . *April* 26
Stevenson, R. L. (*[1] Mr. Lloyd Osborne)
(*[2] Messrs. Chatto & Windus)
[1] "John, do you see that bed of . . *July* 7

STEVENSON, R. L. (*cont.*)
² In rigorous hours, when down . . *Feb.* 29
² It is good to have been young . . *Dec.* 9
² To make this earth our hermitage . *Jan.* 2
² When daisies go, shall Winter-time . *Nov.* 25
STORY, THOMAS
He called for my life, and I offered . *Oct.* 31
STRATTON-PORTER, GENE (*Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, and *Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)
" D'you ever stop to think how full . *Jan.* 9
*STRIBLING, E. PEARL
I think so often these days . . . *March* 28
" SUNNY FACES, BLESSED HANDS, LOVING WORDS " (*Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons, Ltd.)
Bless God for little children's . . *June* 1
I never hear a gentle, loving word . *Oct.* 21
" Tell me, dear, if your Mother . . *July* 10

TAGORE, SIR R. (*Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)
I thought that my voyage had come . *Sept.* (*end*)
This is my delight, thus to wait . . *March* 24
TAYLOR, A. & J. (Messrs. Wells-Gardner, Darton & Co., Ltd.)
Thank you, pretty cow, that made . *Sept.* 9
TAYLOR, DR. & MRS. H. (*The China Inland Mission)
How little can we tell all we are . . *May* 15
TAYLOR, JEREMY
If . . . I am fallen into the hands of . *Feb.* 24
Is that beast better, that hath two . *Oct.* 16
*TAYLOR, R. N.
Though the rain may fall . . . *March* (*end*)
(" Songs of Hope ")
TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD (*Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)
" I dare not tell you how high I rate . *March* 14
I know that this was Life . . . *Nov.* 10
They that can wander at will . . *April* 24
What delights can equal those . . *Oct.* 12

THACKERAY, W. M. (* Mr. John Murray)
What we see here of this world . . *Jan.* 11
THOMAS, RICHARD H. (* Mrs. R. H. Thomas)
(* Messrs. J. Nisbet & Co., Ltd.)
We would not lose sad memories . . *Dec.* 28
(" Echoes and Pictures ")
THOMPSON, FRANCIS (* Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd.)
What heart could have thought of you ? *Jan.* 10
" TIMOTHY, 1st "
I thank Him that enabled me . . *Sept.* 12
TRENCH, R. C. (* Messrs. G. Routledge & Sons, Ltd.)
Lord, what a change within us . . *April* 29
* TURNER, W. J. (Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.)
I like to hear a cold, pure rill . . *Sept.* 3
(" The Hunter ")
* TYNAN, KATHARINE (Messrs. Maunsel & Roberts, Ltd.)
I praise God that He chose the green . *May* 26
'Twere bliss to see one lark . . . *July* 18
(" Innocencies ")

* UNDERHILL, EVELYN (Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.)
For deep the secret world within . . *Jan.* 8
(" Theophanies ")
" UNKNOWN CHRISTIAN, AN " (* Messrs. Marshall Bros., Ltd.)
If our joy consists in His giving . . *July* 9

VACHELL, H. A. (* Mr. John Murray)
No life is a failure which brightens . *Aug.* 23
* VAN DYKE, DR. H. (* Mr. A. F. Bird)
(* Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)
But One, but One—ah, Son most . . *April* (*end*)
Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee . . *June* 15
" Joy is a Duty,"—so with golden lore . *Sept.* 5
Let me but do my work from day . *Oct.* 25
This is the thanksgiving of the weary . *July* (*end*)

VAUGHAN, HENRY
Since in a land not barren still . . *Nov.* 21

WALPOLE, HORACE
Old friends are the great blessing . *Oct.* 22
WALTON, IZAAK
I could there sit quietly . . . *May* 24
WALTZ, E. C. (*The Century Co., New York, and *Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)
It was pa's religious theory . . . *Jan.* 19
" Oh, yes, Cephy, I'm a pore worm . *June* 11
WARING, ANNA L. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge)
And if some things I do not ask . . *April* 15
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me . . *March* 31
These blessed passing pleasures ! . . *Jan.* (*end*)
WEBSTER, JEAN (* The Century Co., New York, and *Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)
Isn't this a nice thought . . . *March* 4
WHITMAN, WALT (*Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York)
O the joy of that vast elemental . . *Feb.* 14
WHITNEY, A. D. T. (* Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd.)
Among so many, can He care ? . . *May* 28
WHITTIER, J. G.
A dreary place would this earth be . *Jan.* 6
WILKINSON, SAMUEL
" Have you ever thought of thanking . *June* 6
WILLIAMS, ISAAC
The child leans on its parent's breast . *March* 18
WILLIAMS, SARAH
This world is all too sad for tears . . *June* 8
WITHER, GEORGE
I have mirth here thou wouldst not . *July* 11
*WOODWARD, WALTER C. (" The American Friend ")
" To Some Friends of Mine " . . *July* 15
WORDSWORTH, W.
I wandered lonely as a cloud . . *April* 23
Pleased by any random toy . . . *Nov.* 5

DAILY THOUGHTS ON THANKFULNESS

written by

OUR FELLOW-HUMAN-BEINGS

during the years

? B.C.–1922 A.D.

Whoso offereth the sacrifice of thanksgiving glorifieth Me;
And prepareth a way that I may shew him the salvation of God.
Psalm l. 23 (R.V. margin)

THE MONTH OF JANUARY

With hearts responsive
And enfranchised eyes,
We thank Thee, Lord,—

For all things beautiful, and good, and true,
For things that seemed not good yet turned to good ;
For all the sweet compulsions of Thy will
That chased, and tried, and wrought us to Thy shape ;
For things unnumbered that we take of right,
And value first when first they are withheld ;
For light and air ; sweet sense of sound and smell ;
For ears to hear the heavenly harmonies ;
For eyes to see the unseen in the seen ;
For vision of The Worker in the work ;
For hearts to apprehend Thee everywhere ;
We thank Thee, Lord !

A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace — JOHN OXENHAM

January 1

GOD broke the years to hours and days,
That hour by hour
And day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weights of life
Be laid across our shoulders, and the future, rife
With woe and struggle, meet us face to face
At just one place,
We could not go;
Our feet would stop. And so
God lays a little on us every day,
And never, I believe, on all the way,
Will burdens bear so deep,
Or pathways lie so steep,
But we can go, if by God's power
We only bear the burden of the hour.

GEORGE KLINGLE

January 2

TO make this earth our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

The House Beautiful R. L. STEVENSON

January 3

THE cheap convenience of an almanac, which enters into the comforts of every fireside in the country, could not be enjoyed but for the labours and studies of the profoundest philosophers.

Lecture on the Working Man's Party EDWARD EVERETT

January 4

" IN these days, when there is a good deal of the ' valley of the shadow ' about life, I am going to keep a card up on my wall by my bed, to be renewed every week, and it is headed ' Registered Sunshine,' and I am going to put down any bright things the Lord sends in the day, so that I may definitely give thanks at night. A very tired body is so apt to say, ' Oh dear,' instead of ' Hallelujah.' Well, I have begun my register grandly. Yesterday's thanksgiving is recorded. A visit from L. H. You know just how she would be, *strong*, breezy,

and yet oh, her tender sympathy. To-day's record is very full. Mrs. J. T. D. came. She did us all good, so bright and cheery, and yet very, very tender. Then M. M. came. I should love to advertise or witness to my Lord's power as these do. How we realize in these times of uncertainty and weakness, that in the darkest night there is 'light in the dwellings of the Israelites.'"

Pattie C. Ekins A. J. EKINS

January 5

"DEAR God is rather busy on Sundays," said Bonny, looking up at the sky thoughtfully; "He has so many Churches to go to. Do you think He is ready to listen to you, Cherry?" "God is always ready," said Cherry.

A Cherry Tree AMY LE FEUVRE

January 6

A DREARY place would this earth be
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds, to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hand on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be
Were there no little people in it.

The Little People J. G. WHITTIER

January 7

I THANKED God that there need be no utter loneliness in the world while it holds a little child.

The Roadmender MICHAEL FAIRLESS

January 8

FOR deep the secret world within,
I feel Thy stirring soft and strange,
And know all growing things my kin
In this Thy nursery of change:
In every kitten's fluffy dress
Our Father's cunning I confess.

Invocation EVELYN UNDERHILL

January 9

"D'YOU ever stop to think how full this world is o' things to love, if your heart's just big enough to let 'em in? We love to live for the beauty o' the things surroundin' us, an' the joy we take in bein' among 'em."

The Song of the Cardinal — GENE STRATTON-PORTER

January 10

WHAT heart could have thought of you?
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapour?—
"God was my shaper.
Passing surmisal,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapour,
To lust of His mind:—
Thou couldst not have thought me!
So purely, so palely,
Tinily, surely,

Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost."

To a Snowflake FRANCIS THOMPSON

January 11

WHAT we see here of this world is but an expression of God's will, so to speak—a beautiful earth and sky and sea—beautiful affections and sorrows, wonderful changes and developments of creations, suns rising, stars shining, birds singing, clouds and shadows changing and fading, people loving each other, smiling and crying, the multiplied phenomena of Nature, multiplied in fact and fancy, in Art and Science, in every way that a man's intellect or education or imagination can be brought to bear.

Letters W. M. THACKERAY

January 12

GOD, whom I praise; how could I praise,
If such as I might understand,
Make out and reckon on His ways,
And bargain for His love, and stand,
Paying a price, at His right hand?

Johannes Agricola in Meditation ROBERT BROWNING

January 13

"IT is quite extraordinary the effect my illness has had on me. I thought it was bad, and I see it was good. Beyond words ghastly at the time, terrible, hopeless, the aches of my body as nothing compared with the amazing anguish of my soul, the world turned into one vast pit of pain, impossible to think of the future, impossible to think of the past, impossible to think of the present. . . . It is so strange how bad things—things we call bad—bring forth good things, from the manure that brings forth roses lovely in proportion to its manuriness to the worst experiences that can overtake the soul."

Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther By the Author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*

January 14

TENS of thousands of persons who are familiar with religious truths have not noticed yet that Christ ever founded a Society at all. . . . The sense of belonging to such a Society transforms life. It is the difference between being a solitary knight tilting single-handed, and often defeated, at whatever enemy one chances to meet on one's little acre of life, and the *feel* of belonging to a mighty army marching throughout all time to a certain victory. This note of universality given to even the humblest work we do, this sense of comradeship,

this link with history, this thought of a definite campaign, this promise of success, is the possession of every obscurest unit in the Kingdom of God.

The Programme of Christianity HENRY DRUMMOND

January 15

WHAT a joy that we can give joy to Him!

Invalids' Prayer Circle Letter THOMAS HOGBEN

January 16

A LITTLE bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air:
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there:
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth Thee.

Nought have I else to do:
I sing the whole day long:
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song:
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

The Prisoner of the Lord MADAM GUYON

January 17

THE Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures :
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul :
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil ; for Thou art with me :
Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies :
Thou hast anointed my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life :
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.
Psalm xxiii.

January 18

MAY my whole being, O God, be one thanksgiving unto Thee, may all within me praise Thee and love Thee ; for all which Thou hast forgiven, and for all which Thou hast given ; for Thine unknown hidden blessings and for those which, in my negligence or thoughtlessness, I passed over ; for all blessings within and without ; and for all which Thou hast yet in store for me ; for everything

whereby Thou hast drawn me to Thyself, whether joy or sorrow; for all whereby Thou willest to make me Thine own for ever.

Private Prayers E. B. PUSEY

January 19

IT was pa's religious theory that when this great "redeemin' love" entered into the heart of any man or woman there was no room for hardness, rebellion, selfishness, or greed. All took flight, like black ravens from out a belfry, and the clear sunshine of God went through.

Pa Gladden ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

January 20

FOR the quiet joy of duty
Praise, praise I sing;
For the commonplace and lowly
But with pleasure high and holy,
In each unromantic thing:
Praise, praise to Thee my King.

For the solemn joy of battle
Praise, praise I sing;
For the wounds and sore distresses,
For the love which soothes and blesses,
Strength in weakness perfecting:
Praise, praise to Thee my King.

For the splendid joy of triumph
Praise, praise I sing;
For the joy all joys excelling,
Passing, passing human telling,
Joy to see Thee conquering:
Praise, praise to Thee my King.

ANON

January 21

I SCARCELY know what to say about thankfulness, because we have so many blessings we cannot count them. When I was going down in the lift the other day, I experienced a feeling I had never had before. I wondered if I was half thankful enough—to be taken out of one room into another without any trouble to myself and to see the lovely views of Norway. Then we have Home Concerts and special teas and visitors—so what a lot we have to thank God for! Sometimes ladies take me to Church and then I enjoy the beautiful air as well as the Service. And I am able to lie in this room and to watch the flowers grow and to enjoy the look-out. And one thing I must thank God for and that is that I can see and hear and understand. So my blessings are too numerous to mention.

ALICE PICKUP

(Written whilst an invalid in a Home for Incurables)

January 22

WHEN I consider what some books have done for the world, and what they are doing, how they keep up our hope, awaken new courage and faith, soothe pain, give an ideal life to those whose hours are cold and hard, bind together distant ages and foreign lands, create new worlds of beauty, bring down truths from heaven; I give eternal blessings for this gift, and thank God for books.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

January 23

OUR Father, we thank Thee for all the friendly folk who have come into our life this day, gladdening us by their human kindness, and we send them now our parting thoughts of love through Thee. We bless Thee that we are set amidst this rich brotherhood of kindred life with its mysterious power to quicken and uplift. Make us eager to pay the due price for what we get by putting forth our own life in wholesome goodwill and by bearing cheerfully the troubles that go with all joys. Above all we thank Thee for those who share our higher life, the comrades of our better self, in whose companionship we break the mystic bread of life and feel the glow of Thy wonderful presence. Into Thy keeping we commit our friends and pray that we may never lose their love by losing Thee.

Prayers of the Social Awakening

WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH

January 24

YET not in solitude if Christ anear me
Waketh Him workers for the great employ,
Oh not in solitude, if souls that hear me
Catch from my joyaunce the surprise of joy.

St. Paul FREDERICK W. H. MYERS

January 25

O WHAT a thing it is, in a time of danger and in the presence of death, the shining of a face upon a face! I have heard it broached that orders should be given in great new ships by electric telegraph. I admire machinery as much as any man, and am as thankful to it as any man can be for what it does for us. But it will never be a substitute for the face of a man, with his soul in it, encouraging another man to be brave and true.

The Wreck of the "Golden Mary" CHARLES DICKENS

January 26

I OFTEN see you as you were when a little child. Far off as you are now, of course I miss you; and yet I am glad I do not need to miss you in the deepest sense; for *you* are with me. I am glad you "idealize" your mother; and after all the ideal is true. Few see us at our best. I am thankful

we both have the power to idealize; it smooths many a rough place. I read in my girlhood a poem I have not seen for years; and so cannot quote it. It was an invocation, on the part of the poetess, to the spirit of poetry, not to leave her. If the spirit did depart, brooks would be only brooks, and stones only stones! Let the true spirit continue to move us both!

Heart to Heart Letters MARGARET BOTTOME

January 27

WHY speak of those whom age is crowning
As "going slowly *down* the hill,"
When on the heights above them shining
Stands One who beckons *upwards* still?

No sad descent to death and darkness
Is life when lived with Love as Guide;
But ever climbing towards the hilltop
Each summit gained brings visions wide.

'Tis always *up* the Pilgrims travel:
Whilst Love rejoices, at their side,
To feel the press of faith more strongly,
To know He's near, whate'er betide.

As Love the Pilgrims forward leadeth
Footsteps may falter, eyes grow dim,
But ev'ry sigh He quickly heareth
And not a pain is hid from Him.

The steepest crags lie all behind them:
By gentle slopes He guides the way:
Then one last step—still up—He bears them,
To find the joy of perfect day.

M. H.

January 28

WE could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it—if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on the grass—the same hips and haws on the autumn hedgerows—the same redbreasts that we used to call "God's birds," because they did no harm to the precious crops.

The Mill on the Floss GEORGE ELIOT

January 29

GOD might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For medicine, toil and luxury,
And yet have had no flowers.

* * *

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him!

Birds and Flowers MARY HOWITT

January 30

"SO works this music on the earth!
God so admits it, sends it forth,
To add another worth to worth—

"A new creation-bloom that rounds
The old creation, and expounds
His Beautiful in tuneful sounds."

A Vision of Poets E. B. BROWNING

January 31

WHEN all the sky is pure
My soul takes flight
Serene and sure,
Upward—till at the height
She weighs her wings,
And sings.

But when the heaven is black,
And west-winds sigh,
Beat back, beat back,
She has no strength to try
The drifting rain
Again.

So cheaply baffled! see!
The field is bare—
Behold a tree—
Is't not enough? Sit there,
Thou foolish thing,
And sing!

Canticle T. E. BROWN

Since man has been articulate,
Mechanical, improvidently wise,
(Servant of Fate),
He has not understood the little cries
And foreign conversations of the small
Delightful creatures that have followed him
Not far behind;
Has failed to hear the sympathetic call
Of Crockery and Cutlery, those kind
Reposeful Teraphim
Of his domestic happiness; the Stool
He sat on, or the Door he entered through;
He has not thanked them, overbearing fool!
What is he coming to?

But you should listen to the talk of these.
Honest they are, and patient they have kept,
Served him without his *Thank you* or his *Please* . . .
I often heard
The gentle Bed, a sigh between each word,
Murmuring, before I slept.
The Candle, as I blew it, cried aloud,
Then bowed,
And in a smoky argument
Into the darkness went.

The Kettle puffed a tentacle of breath :—
" Pooh ! I have boiled his water, I don't know
Why ; and he always says I boil too slow.
He never calls me ' Sukie, dear,' and oh,
I wonder why I squander my desire
Sitting submissive on his kitchen fire."

* * *

My independent Pencil, while I write,
Breaks at the point : the ruminating Clock
Stirs all its body and begins to rock,
Warning the waiting presence of the Night,
Strikes the dead hour, and tumbles to the plain
Ticking of ordinary work again.

You do well to remind me, and I praise
Your strangely individual foreign ways.
You call me from myself to recognize
Companionship in your unselfish eyes.
I want your dear acquaintances, although
I pass you arrogantly over, throw
Your lovely sounds, and squander them along
My busy days. I'll do you no more wrong.

Purr for me, Sukie, like a faithful cat.
You, my well trampled Boots, and you, my Hat,
Remain my friends : I feel, though I don't speak,
Your touch grow kindlier from week to week.

* * *

Every Thing HAROLD MONRO

THESE blessed passing pleasures!
We need not let them waste,
We need not leave their treasures
Behind us in our haste;
We need not doubt their fitness
Where earth's deep shadows fall;
God-giving, He is witness
That we shall want them all.

Amid the old, sad story
Of human shame and sin,
If He give gleams of glory
We ought to let them in.
And oh, when brought before us
Where heart and soul can see,
How mighty to restore us
Love's little signs may be!

* * *

Perhaps His angels see us
Disquieted in vain;
Perhaps His watch would free us
From some ensnaring pain;
But only He can measure,
Who sees our nature through,
The good that, in His pleasure,
A passing joy may do.

ANNA L. WARING

THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

For all the wonders of this wondrous world;
The pure pearl splendours of the coming day,
The breaking east,—the rosy flush,—the Dawn,
For that bright gem in morning's coronal,
That one lone star that gleams above the glow;
For that high glory of the impartial sun,—
The golden noonings big with promised life;
The matchless pageant of the evening skies,
The wide-flung gates,—the gleams of Paradise,—
Supremest visions of Thine artistry;
The sweet, soft gloaming, and the friendly stars;
The vesper stillness, and the creeping shades;
The moon's pale majesty; the pulsing dome,
Wherein we feel Thy great heart throbbing near;
For sweet laborious days and restful nights;
For work to do, and strength to do the work;
We Thank Thee, Lord!

A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace — JOHN OXENHAM

February 1

THE flakes are still falling slowly and peacefully in the motionless world, and it seems as though they were thousands of little tender hands being laid on my heart and mind, filling them with their own peace and quietness, and wrapping them up in a white garment of pure and tender thoughts.

Beautiful, beautiful snow!

The Garden of Contentment E. MORDAUNT

February 2

WHEN a man has such things to think on, and sees the sun, the moon, and stars, and enjoys earth and sea, he is not solitary or even helpless.

Discourses EPICTETUS

WHAT else can I do, a lame old man, but sing hymns to God? If then I were a nightingale, I would do the nightingale's part; if I were a swan, I would do as a swan. But now I am a rational creature, and I ought to praise God: this is my work; I do it, nor will I desert my post, so long as I am allowed to keep it: and I exhort you to join in this same song.

Discourses EPICTETUS

February 3

"I DELIGHT in the feeling that I am in eternity, that I can serve God now fully and effectively, that the next piece of the road will come in sight when I am ready to walk on it. 'I do not ask to see the distant scene.' I hate the unsettled feeling that I have not yet begun my main work."

Letters to his Friends FORBES ROBINSON

February 4

FOR the final, deep, abiding sense of rest in Thee;
For the touch of Thyself, growing continually,
out of everything, more actual, star-like,
perfect;
And for all experience;
Joy, joy, and thanks for ever.

Towards Democracy EDWARD CARPENTER

February 5

I'LL tell you what it murmured,
What were the words it sung,
As blue-bells kissed its waters,
And sedge-grass o'er it hung.

It said, "My life is humble,
But very tranquil too,
I gaze for ever upwards
On that deep sky of blue.

After the cloudlets gather,
The sunshine seems more bright;
I know the morning cometh,
Though dark may be the night.

"Sometimes the flowerets wither—
I make them bright again;
I bathe the thirsty willows,
When falls no gentle rain.
The work my Maker gives me
It makes me glad to do;
His smile is in the sunshine,
His blessing in the dew.

"The ocean I am nearing
Is beautiful and fair;
He leads me through the meadow,
He'll make me happy there.
And anywhere and everywhere,
So that I do His will,
And do my life's work bravely,
I shall be happy still."

The Streamlet's Song ANON

February 6

TO me remains nor place nor time:
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But, with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where Thou art not
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

The Wanderer's Hymn — MADAME GUYON

February 7

HERE, here I live with what my board,
Can with the smallest cost afford.
Though ne'r so mean the viands be,
They well content my Prew and me.
Or pea, or bean, or wort, or beet,
What ever comes, content makes sweet:
Here we rejoyce, because no rent
We pay for our poore tenement:
Wherein we rest, and never feare
The landlord, or the usurer.

His Content in the Country — ROBERT HERRICK

February 8

OH bed! bed! bed! delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head,
Whether lofty or low its condition!

But instead of putting our plagues on shelves,
In our blankets how often we toss ourselves,
Or are toss'd by such allegorical elves
As Pride, Hate, Greed, and Ambition!
Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious leg T. HOOD

February 9

IF the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.
The Conduct of Life R. W. EMERSON

February 10

OUR Father, as we turn to the comfort of our rest, we remember those who must wake that we may sleep . . . We thank Thee for their faithfulness and sense of duty. . . . Grant that we may realize how dependent the safety of our loved ones and the comforts of our life are on these our brothers, that so we may think of them with love and gratitude and help to make their burden lighter.
Prayers of the Social Awakening WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH

February 11

THE joyous duty of mutual service.

A. A. COOPER, EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

"I NEEDED you." What a joy-bringing word that is to the human heart.

EMELIA RUSSELL GURNEY

THE weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race for ever.

Modern Painters JOHN RUSKIN

February 12

"FROM his personal loss
He has come to hope for others when they lose,
And wear a gladder faith in what we gain—
Through bitter experience, compensation sweet,
. . . I am quiet now,—
As tender surely for the suffering world,
But quiet, sitting at the wall to learn,
Content, henceforth, to do the thing I can:
For, though as powerless, said I, as a stone,
A stone can give shelter to a worm,
And it is worth while being a stone for that:
There's hope, Aurora."

Aurora Leigh E. B. BROWNING

February 13

AND is not love enough?
To give and give for ever—
To give with streams of love
That flow strong, quiet, soundless,
Round loveless, needy shores.

GEORGE BARLOW

February 14

O THE joy of that vast elemental sympathy which only the human soul is capable of generating and emitting in steady and limitless floods.

A Song of Joys WALT WHITMAN

February 15

A LAUGH is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peak of life with light
And drives the clouds away.
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong.
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along.

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard,
The ills of life depart ;
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet.
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet.

ANON

THANK God for humour ! How often have quarrels been ended, and strained situations eased, as the occurrence of some ludicrous incident, or the utterance of some wisely humorous remark compelled the contending parties to unite in wholesome laughter !

J. B. HODGKIN

February 16

WHEN God had finished the stars and whirl
of coloured suns
He turned His mind from big things to fashion little
ones,
Beautiful tiny things (like daisies) He made, and
then
He made the comical ones in case the minds of men
Should stiffen and become
Dull, humourless and glum.
And so forgetful of their Maker be
As to take even themselves—*quite seriously.*
Ducks

F. W. HARVEY

February 17

"Dum vivimus vivamus"

"LIVE while you live", the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the passing day.
"Live while you live", the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

IN Thy love is the highest joy.

MELCHIOR RITTER

February 18

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day".

I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days on earth are numbered".

O God! O Good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansions be,
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER

February 19

THINK of—
Stepping on shore, and finding it Heaven!
Of taking hold of a hand, and finding it God's hand.
Of breathing a new air, and finding it celestial air.
Of feeling invigorated, and finding it immortality.
Of passing from storm and tempest to an unbroken calm.
Of waking up, and finding it Home.

ANON

February 20

SPIRIT of love and wisdom and power, I thank Thee that Thou hast brought me to this hour. I thank Thee that in looking back over the days that are gone I can see Thy hand upon all for good. Often this heart has been sick and weary, but

Thou, my strength, hast not wearied of my weariness. Too often faith has failed, but Thou art ever faithful, and hast restored me by Thy trust and patience.

* * *

I thank Thee that the testimony of the past is that the best that has come into my life has been the revealing of the Spirit of Christ, and the meaning of His Cross.

The Pilot

February 21

NOT what, but *Whom*, I do believe,
That, in my darkest hour of need,
Hath comfort that no mortal creed
To mortal man may give ;—
Not what, but *Whom* !
For Christ is more than all the creeds,
And His full life of gentle deeds
Shall all the creeds outlive.
Not what I do believe, but *Whom* !
Who walks beside me in the gloom ?
Who shares the burden wearisome ?
Who all the dim way doth illume,
And bids me look beyond the tomb
The larger life to live ?—
Not what I do believe,
But *Whom* !
Not what,
But *Whom* !

Credo JOHN OXENHAM

IF you can't read your novel with Christ as companion you certainly have no business reading it at all. That is absolutely true; and what a lot of things it would settle! If God is real at all, He must dominate the situation. If we have Christ as Partner, He is Senior Partner, with overwhelming rights. If He is in the game, He leads it.

* * *

One day I looked down the library shelves for a book to use as a sleeping draught for over-excited nerves. . . . In due time, thought done and rest the next business, I took up my book. And there came to me a quite new sensation—a sensation *of the companionship of Christ in the half-hour of quieting enjoyment I was going to have over my novel.* More, a sense that He was going to appreciate every bit of the story, clever delineation of character and all. . . .

It came so quietly that I was not startled. I only felt that it filled and sweetened everything, and in due time I went to sleep; but I knew there was something *new* in the flavour of my pleasure. And this new sweetness was in the glory of the spring that year. Never, I think, did I feel the beauty so beautiful, the joy so joyous, and myself so glad in it. And you know it was a sad enough year.

And there came comprehension, or at least something of it. "Lo, I am with you always," does

mean, really and literally, *every day*—every hour—in everything; not the big things only, not the "spiritual" things only—nay, I think I want Him most in the "material" things now.

God in Everything MIRIAM GRAY

February 23

"I TOOK my Sunday morning service in the garden, and felt my heart unspeakably full of joy and peace and gladness—it was to me such a privilege to give myself and everyone I had to the Lord, and so *safe*! It was a temple service that morning to be remembered."

Life and Letters of Mrs. Sewell MRS. BAYLY

February 24

IF . . . I am fallen into the hands of . . . sequestrators, and they have taken all from me. What now? let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse. And, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience: they still have left me the providence of

God, and all the promises of the gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too. And still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate, I can walk in my neighbour's pleasant fields, and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights, that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God Himself. And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns.

The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living and Dying — JEREMY TAYLOR

February 25

SURELY Marcus Aurelius . . . wisely advises that "when thou wishest to delight thyself, think of the virtues of those who live with thee; for instance, the activity of one, and the modesty of another, and the liberality of a third, and some other good quality of a fourth. For nothing delights so much as the examples of the virtues, when they are exhibited in the morals of those who live with us and present themselves in abundance, as far as is possible. Wherefore we must keep them before us." Yet how often we know merely the sight of those we call our friends, or the sound of their voices, but nothing whatever of their mind or soul.

The Pleasures of Life — LORD AVEBURY

February 26

THE blind man listening walks; and when
The living voices meet his ear,
A world of souls is near him then,
With inner light his heart to cheer.

The deaf man reads the written signs,
Where living thoughts their impress trace,
And, oh! what recognition shines,
As he looks upwards to the face!

* * *

Which loses most? Ah! who shall say?
But, deaf and blind at once to be;
To miss all sight and sound of day,—
No voice to hear, no face to see!

* * *

Yet still is left the hand's warm grasp
That speaks and is so much of bliss!
The tender cheek, the loving clasp,
The silent language of the kiss!

The Deaf and the Blind — CHARLES T. BROOKS

February 27

THESE glorious things—words—are man's right alone. . . . If men would but think what a noble thing it is to be able to speak in words, to think in words, to write in words! Without words we should know no more of each other's hearts and

thoughts than the dog knows of his fellow-dog; without words to think in; for if you will consider, you always think to yourself in *words*, though you do not speak them aloud; and without them all our thoughts would be mere blind longings, feelings which we could not understand ourselves. Without words to write in we could not know what our forefathers did—we could not let our children after us know what to do.

Village Sermons CHARLES KINGSLEY

February 28

WHAT seems to grow fairer to me as life goes by is the love and grace and tenderness of it; not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge—grand as knowledge is—but just the laughter of little children and the friendship of friends, the cosy talk by the fireside, the sight of flowers and the sound of music.

J. R. GREEN

February 29

IN rigorous hours, when down the iron lane
The redbreast looks in vain
For hips and haws,
Lo, shining flowers upon my window-pane
The silver pencil of the winter draws.

When all the snowy hill
And the bare woods are still;
When snipes are silent in the frozen bogs,
And all the garden garth is whelmed in mire,
Lo, by the hearth, the laughter of the logs—
More fair than roses, lo, the flowers of fire!

Winter R. L. STEVENSON

I WILL sing unto the Lord a song of thanksgiving for the practical things which are joys in my indoor world.

For *all* do I thank Thee, my King—and for the many, many gifts which go towards the making of those comforts by which we are surrounded. But of seven, only, will I set my thoughts in writing.

Not in finely-flowing words can I tell out my gratitude. Simple as are the gifts themselves, so shall be my song.

I give thanks that every day ends with night; that every night ends with day.

I give thanks that darkness can be overcome by the help of electricity, gas, candles, and matches: that Winter's icy grip gives me the chance to prove to the full the delights of coal, wool, and hot water.

I give thanks for the softly-embracing lather of soap: for clocks, and their necessary tick, through which, at times, a message comes from Thee to me.

For glass, and all that my window-panes have let in to me of light, life and vision, I praise Thee, all-mighty God.

CONTRIBUTED

In this great commercial city, where you are surrounded by the triumphs of science and of mechanism—you, whose river is ploughed by the great steamships whose white wake has been called the fittest avenue to the palace front of a mercantile people—you know well that in the achievements of science there is not only beauty and wonder, but also beneficence and power. It is not only that she has revealed to us infinite space crowded with unnumbered worlds; infinite time peopled by unnumbered existences; infinite organisms hitherto invisible but full of delicate and iridescent loveliness; but also that she has been, as a great Archangel of Mercy, devoting herself to the service of man. She has laboured, her votaries have laboured . . . to extend human happiness, to economise human effort, to extinguish human pain. Where of old, men toiled, half blinded and half naked, in the mouth of the glowing furnace to mix the white-hot iron, she now substitutes the mechanical action of the viewless air. She has enlisted the sunbeam in her service to limn for us, with absolute fidelity, the faces of the friends we love. She has shown the poor miner how he may work in safety, even amid the explosive fire-damp of the mine. She has, by her anaesthetics, enabled the sufferer to be hushed

and unconscious while the delicate hand of some skilled operator cuts a fragment from the nervous circle of the unquivering eye. She points not to pyramids built during weary centuries by the sweat of miserable nations, but to the railroad and the telegraph. She has restored eyes to the blind and hearing to the deaf. She has lengthened life, she has minimised danger, she has controlled madness, she has trampled on disease. And on all these grounds, I think that none of our sons should grow up wholly ignorant of studies which at once train the reason and fire the imagination, which fashion as well as forge, which can feed as well as fill the mind.

F. W. FARRAR

Above and beyond merely human end or aims, something is at work in us which is transcendental, spiritual and divine—something which is the source of every achievement that human life has to its credit, and binds men together in an inner unity.

The Spiritual Outlook in Europe To-day — RUDOLF EUCKEN

When all my hopes in . . . all men was gone, so that I had nothing outwardly to help me, then, O then, I heard a voice which said, "There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition," and, when I heard it, my heart did leap for joy. . . . Then the Lord did gently lead me along, and did let me see His love, which was endless and eternal, and surpasseth all the knowledge that we have in the natural state or can get by history or books.

Journal GEORGE FOX

THE MONTH OF MARCH

For those first tiny, prayerful-folded hands
That pierce the winter's crust, and softly bring
Life out of death, the endless mystery :—
For all the first sweet flushings of the Spring ;
The greening earth, the tender heavenly blue ;
The rich brown furrows gaping for the seed ;
For all Thy grace in bursting bud and leaf,—
The bridal sweetness of the orchard trees,
Rose-tender in their coming fruitfulness ;
The fragrant snow-drifts flung upon the breeze ;
The grace and glory of the fruitless flowers,
Ambrosial beauty their reward and ours ;
For hedgerows sweet with hawthorn and wildrose ;
For meadows spread with gold and gemmed with
stars :
For every tint of every tiniest flower ;
For every daisy smiling to the sun ;
For every bird that builds in joyous hope ;
For every lamb that frisks beside its dam ;
For every leaf that rustles in the wind ;
For spiring poplar, and for spreading oak ;
For queenly birch, and lofty swaying elm ;
For the great cedars benedictory grace ;
For earth's ten thousand fragrant incenses,—
Sweet altar-gifts from leaf and fruit and flower ;

For every wondrous thing that greens and grows ;
For wide-spread cornlands,—billowing golden seas ;
For rippling stream, and white-laced waterfall ;
For purpling mountains ; lakes like silver shields ;
For white-piled clouds that float against the blue ;
For tender green of far-off upland slopes ;
For fringing forests and far gleaming spires ;
For those white peaks, serene and grand and still ;
For that deep sea—a shallow to Thy love ;
For round green hills, earth's full benignant breasts ;
For sun-chased shadows flitting o'er the plain ;
For gleam and gloom ; for all life's counter-change ;
For hope that quickens under darkening skies ;
For all we see ; for all that underlies,—
We thank Thee, Lord !

A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace — JOHN OXENHAM

March 1

AND voices, which, to name me, aye
Their tenderest tones were keeping—
To some I nevermore can say
An answer, till God wipes away
In heaven these drops of weeping.

My name to me a sadness wears;
No murmurs cross my mind:
Now God be thanked for these thick tears,
Which show, of those departed years,
Sweet memories left behind!

Now God be thanked for years enwrought
With love which softens yet!
Now God be thanked for every thought
Which is so tender, it has caught
Earth's guerdon of regret!

Earth saddens, never shall remove,
Affections purely given;
And e'en that mortal grief shall prove
The immortality of love,
And heighten it with Heaven

The Pet Name E. B. BROWNING

March 2

OUTSIDE fall the snowflakes lightly;
Through the night loud raves the storm;
In my room the fire glows brightly,
And 'tis cosy, silent, warm.
Musing sit I on the settle
By the firelight's cheerful blaze,
Listening to the busy kettle
Humming long-forgotten lays.

HEINE, translated by E. A. BROWNING

March 3

THESE simple gifts, and others equally trivial, bread, . . . fruit and milk, might regain that poetic and, as it were, moral significance which surely belongs to all the means of our daily life, could we but break through the veil of our familiarity with things by no means vulgar in themselves.

WALTER PATER

March 4

ISN'T this a nice thought from Stevenson—

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as Kings"?

It's true, you know. The world is full of happiness, and plenty to go round, if you are only willing to take the kind that comes your way. The whole secret is in being *pliable.*

Daddy Long-legs JEAN WEBSTER

March 5

I DREW up the state of my affairs in writing . . . very impartially, like debtor and creditor, the comforts I enjoyed against the mercies I suffered, thus :—

Evil	Good
I am cast upon a horrible desolate island void of all hope of recovery.	But I am alive and not drowned, as all my ship's company was.
I am singled out and separated, as it were, from all the world, to be miserable.	But I am singled out, too, from all the ship's crew to be spared from death; and He that miraculously saved me from death can deliver me from this condition.
I am divided from mankind, a solitaire, one banished from human society.	But I am not starved and perishing on a barren place, affording no sustenance.

Evil	Good
I have no clothes to cover me.	But I am in a hot climate, where, if I had clothes I could hardly wear them.
I am without any defence, or means to resist any violence of man or beast.	But I am cast on an island, where I see no wild beasts to hurt me, as I saw on the coast of Africa; and what if I had been ship-wrecked there?
I have no soul to speak to, or relieve me.	But God wonderfully sent the ship in near enough to the shore, that I have gotten out so many necessary things as will either supply my wants, or enable me to supply myself, even as long as I live.

Upon the whole, here was an undoubted testimony, that there was scarce any condition in the world so miserable, but there was something *negative* or something *positive* to be thankful for in it.

The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe DANIEL DEFOE

March 6

"MARTHA was telling me that she had an Insurance which she had paid regularly since she was ten—' So if anything happens to me, it's all right, you know. There's many people has to go around asking to be buried, you know.' "

CONTRIBUTED

March 7

"O DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY, the air is so chilly,
How can you keep warm, you bright little thing ? "
" O, is it so chilly ? " said Daffy-down-dilly ;
" I thought it was warm, for you know it is Spring.
If I should once shiver, the lilies would quiver ;
The birds then would see us, and they would not sing.
My heart is not chilly," said Daffy-down-dilly,
" And that is the reason I think it is Spring."

St. Nicholas

March 8

THOUGH thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year, most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France,
With all her vines.

The Time Piece W. COWPER

March 9

IT is no doubt a great privilege to visit foreign countries; to travel say in Mexico or Peru, or to cruise among the Pacific Islands; but in some respects the narratives of early travellers, the histories of Prescott or the voyages of Captain Cook, are even more interesting; describing to us, as they do, a state of society which was then so unlike ours, but which now has been much changed and Europeanised.

Thus we may make our daily travels interesting, even though, like the Vicar of Wakefield's family, all our adventures are by our own fireside, and all our migrations from one room to another.

Moreover, even if the beauties of home are humble, they are still infinite, and a man "may lie in his bed, like Pompey and his sons, in all quarters of the earth."

The Pleasures of Life LORD AVEBURY

March 10

BEYOND my window in the night
Is but a drab inglorious street,
Yet there the frost and clean starlight
As over Warwick woods are sweet.

Under the grey drift of the town
The crocus works among the mould
As eagerly as those that crown
The Warwick spring in flame and gold.

And when the tramway down the hill
Across the cobbles moans and rings,
There is about my window-sill
The tumult of a thousand wings.

A Town Window JOHN DRINKWATER

March 11

IT is the divine attribute of the imagination, that it is irrepressible and unconfinable, and where the real world is shut out, it can create a world for itself and . . . conjure up glorious shapes and forms, and brilliant visions, to make solitude populous, and irradiate the gloom of a dungeon.

WASHINGTON IRVING

March 12

BILIOUS and headache this morning. A dog howled all night and left me little sleep. Poor cur! I dare say he had his distresses as I have mine.

Journal WALTER SCOTT

March 13

RHEUMATIZ is bad, indeed; but I must be thankful I still 'ave a back to 'ave it in!

ANON

March 14

"I DARE not tell you how high I rate humour, which is generally most fruitful in the highest and most solemn human spirits. Dante is full of it, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and almost all the greatest have been pregnant with this glorious power. You will find it even in the Gospel of Christ."

Tennyson—a Memoir BY HIS SON

March 15

IT is a wonderful thing to be "alive unto God", and I believe it is the only way to be kept alive to every good thing that is worth anything. . . . We can so live in God that we are in touch with the past, the present and the future. I was thinking yesterday that the most interesting things are those that I have yet to see. The most of my life is before me, because life is not extension, it is satisfaction. Only think, we have never seen His Face yet, have never seen our dear ones in their new bodies, and we are to see the coming of Christ, we are to see Him take to Himself His Great Power, and reign from the rivers to the ends of the Earth. All this is before us.

Heart to Heart Letters MARGARET BOTTOME

March 16

I THANK Thee for Thy loving care,
For power to think, for praise, for prayer:
I cannot miss my Heavenward way
While Thy love leads me day by day.

Thy precious Word was my delight
When I was young: now, day and night
Thy words of comfort fill my mind
And something for each need I find.

"I am thy Father"—this I read—
"I will supply thy ev'ry need;
Take up thy cross and faithful be
And one day thou shalt dwell with Me."

My heart is full of thankful praise:
He helps me through my weary days,
He's with me in my corner lot
And sanctifies the little spot.

I'd rather lie through life's long strain
Blind, helpless, on my bed of pain,
Filled with the peace my Lord doth give,
Than full of health without Him live.

REBECCA M. SPARLING

(Written whilst an invalid in a Home for Incurables)

March 17

KINGSLEY once had a visit from a friend who had just returned home from tiger-hunting in the Himalayas. Oh! how insignificant and little he found the village where Kingsley lived. How he commiserated poor Kingsley, compelled to be continually in such a surrounding when the world was so great and vast. Kingsley replied with a happy smile, "It is now some years ago that I realized that my dwelling-place must be my prison or my palace. Thank God! He has made it a palace."

The Quarterly Mail

March 18

THE child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed;
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed;
By flowing stream or grassy mead
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's Name.

The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will!

ISAAC WILLIAMS

PEACE! perfect peace! by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

BISHOP EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH

March 19

IT isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.
The clouds of grey engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee,
May find a bed and room.
A health unto the happy,
A fig for him who frets—
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

ROBERT LOVEMAN

March 20

I EXPECT we all have the same experience, really, especially as we grow older, of the extra-ordinary happiness in just doing the work that is *given*, rather than chosen—a joy that makes one relatively independent of circumstances. Of course I do find noise and dirt rather tiring physically, sometimes. But even for that there is compensation in the enormous access of pleasure in simple things when I get into other surroundings—a country lane even on a dull grey day gives *exquisite* joy.

Extract from a letter from a Church Worker in Bethnal Green — F. R. S.

THE eyes love fair and varied forms, and bright and soft colours. . . . This queen of colours, the light, bathing all which we behold, wherever I am through the day, gliding by me in varied forms, soothes me when engaged on other things, and not observing it.

Confessions — ST. AUGUSTINE

March 21

COMPENSATIONS

THE darkening streets about me lie,
The shame, the fret, the squalid jars:
But swallows' wings go flashing by,
And in the puddles there are stars.

Restful Thoughts for Dusty Ways — FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the Love which from our birth,
Over and around us lies:
CHRIST, our GOD, to Thee we raise
This, our Sacrifice of Praise.

For the beauty of each hour,
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light:
CHRIST, our GOD, to Thee we raise
This, our Sacrifice of Praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and brain's delight;
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight:
CHRIST, our GOD, to Thee we raise
This, our Sacrifice of Praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above;
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
CHRIST, our GOD, to Thee we raise
This, our Sacrifice of Praise.

F. S. PIERPOINT

March 23

"IT is a comfort that there is One who knows us through and through. What a terrible blank life would be if we had no God to whom to pour out our whole soul! There are sides of our being which no one but God seems to be able to apprehend. I am feeling now comfort at nights in simply telling Him all—feelings which I cannot explain to any one else, asking Him to interpret, to sift, to allow the better to live, to annihilate the untrue. I do not cease to expect great things from Him."

Letters to his Friends FORBES ROBINSON

March 24

THIS is my delight, thus to wait and watch at the wayside where the shadow chases light and the rain comes in the wake of the summer.

Messengers, with tidings from unknown skies, greet me and speed along the road. My heart is glad within, and the breath of the passing breeze is sweet.

From dawn till dusk I sit here before my door, and I know that of a sudden the happy moment will arrive when I shall see.

In the meanwhile I smile and I sing all alone. In the meanwhile the air is filling with the perfume of promise.

Gitanjali RABINDRANATH TAGORE

March 25

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favouring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail
Whatever breezes may prevail
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering Heaven at last.

Then whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

CAROLINE ATWATER MASON

March 26

ONE further gain . . . was that my suffering did not, I think, withdraw me wholly into myself and fence me from the world; rather it gave me a sense of the brotherhood of grief . . . I was initiated into the fellowship of those who bear. I understood; . . . and even in my darkest hour I had strength to thank God for that.

The House of Quiet A. C. BENSON

March 27

THERE are memories which we cling to in after years, saying thankfully, "It was not all dark then. We were not quite alone. Someone did come just when we needed him most. Even before the dawn came, a hand was laid in ours, and a voice said, 'I am with you on the difficult road.'"

The Three Miss Graemes S. MACNAUGHTON

March 28

I THINK so often these days—pain-filled days—about friendship; and I also am thinking very often about God.

Very often when the burden of the day has lain heavy on my spirit, a friend comes in. Sometimes it is an old friend on whom I have counted for

years: sometimes it is a new friend, who enters into my life as a vital part of my days and ever after helps me hold up my hands. Whether it is an old friend or a new friend, I have learned to look into their eyes and to feel nearer to God. I have the feeling that God, knowing my need, has reached out His fingers, and, because I am so human, has touched my eyes and given me this visible, human evidence of His love and His nearness.

E. PEARL STRIBBLING

March 29

THE God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our affliction, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any affliction, through the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.
2 *Corinthians* i. 4

March 30

THIS empty cup for Thee to fill;
This trembling heart for Thee to still:
This yielded life to do Thy will,
O Lord of love, I bring Thee.

Thy power can make my weakness strong;
Thy purity consume my wrong;
My silence Thou canst change to song,
If Thou wilt take and rule me.

To watch with Thee while others sleep;
To feed Thy tired and hungry sheep;
To bring them drink from fountains deep,
I come; if Thou canst use me.

To work with Thee in perfect rest;
Laid bare, yet sheltered on Thy breast;
Able to bless, because so blest
In Thee, in Thy possession.

Triumphant Love outmasters pain;
Victorious Peace makes one of twain;
To live is Christ, to die is gain,—
The wonder of Thy service.

Dedication L. V. HOLDSWORTH

March 31

OH, 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness!

ANNA L. WARING

Though the rain may fall, and the wind be blowing,
And cold and chill is the wintry blast,
Though the cloudy sky is still cloudier growing,
And the dead leaves tell the summer is past,
My face I hold to the stormy heaven,
My heart is as calm as the summer sea,
Glad to receive what my God has given,
Whate'er it be.

When I feel the cold, I can say "He sends it,"
And His wind blows blessings, I surely know;
For I've never a want but He attends it,
And my heart beats warm, though the wind may blow.
The soft sweet summer was warm and glowing,
Bright were the blossoms on every bough.
I trusted Him when the roses were blowing,
I trust Him now.

Small were my faith, should it weakly falter,
Now that the roses have ceased to blow;
Frail were the trust that now should alter,
Doubting His love when the storm clouds grow.
If I trust Him once, I must trust Him ever,
And His way is best, though I stand or fall,
Through wind and storm He will leave me never,
He sends it all.

Why should my heart be faint and fearing?
Mighty He rules above the storm;
Even the wintry blast is cheering,
Showing His power to keep me warm.
Never a care on my heart is pressing,
Never a doubt can disturb my breast;
Everything that He sends is blessing,
For He knows best.

The Song of a Bird in the Rain — REBECCA N. TAYLOR

REST is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife;
Fleeting to ocean,
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.

Rest — GOETHE

THE MONTH OF APRIL

For that sweet impulse of the coming Spring,
For ripening Summer, and the harvesting;
For all the rich Autumnal glories spread,—
The flaming pageant of the ripening woods;
The fiery gorse, the heather-purpled hills;
The rustling leaves that fly before the wind,
And lie below the hedgerows whispering;
For meadows silver-white with hoary dew;
For sheer delight of tasting once again
That first crisp breath of winter in the air;
The pictured pane; the new white world without;
The sparkling hedgerow's witchery of lace;
The soft white flakes that fold the sleeping earth;
The cold without, the cheerier warmth within;
For red-heart roses in the winter snows;
For all the flower and fruit of Christmas-tide;
For all the glowing heart of Christmas-tide;
We thank Thee, Lord!

A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace — JOHN OXENHAM

April 1

OH, the beauty of God's world! To-day it presses in on me with a feeling akin to pain. It is *too* wonderful; I cannot grasp it.

A butterfly suns itself on the path at my very feet—the glory of the flaming orange bars, the purity of the snowy white markings, only enhanced by a background black as the blackest night. Up and down move those beautiful wings, caressed most tenderly by every whispering breeze. But in the sun they are finding the fulness of their joy.

. . .

What matters now the stress of yester-eve—the thunder's roar, the lightning's flash, the whirl of angry wind and rain? What recks to-morrow's chilling blast? To-day God giveth peace and sun —His gentle touch to prove Him close at hand; His perfect, understanding love to cheer me.

. . .

It is enough. I thank thee, butterfly! Nor bygone storm, nor dreaded cold, shall spoil for me this hour of bliss. Like thee, oh butterfly most simply wise, will I spread out my wings—wide, wide, wide—that all the strength and warmth of this glad hour may reach my soul.

Thou happy butterfly! Unconscious bearer of praise to thy unknown Maker. Thou happy, thrice happy mortal! Endowed with power to know and heart to praise Him—thy Maker and thy God.

(La Mortola, Italy) M. H.

April 2

AS for the luxurious flowers . . they have long abandoned the endeavour to fathom the mystery of this boundless summer. [The Riviera.] . . . Knowing not what to do in the glowing disarray of hours that have no shadow, dreading lest they should be deceived and lose a single second that might be fair, they have resolved to bloom without respite from January to December. Nature approves them, and, to reward their trust in happiness . . . grants them a force, a brilliancy and perfumes which she never gives to those which hang back and show a fear of life.

Old Fashioned Flowers MAURICE MAETERLINCK

April 3

I BELIEVE I can have a part in the courageous spirit of the country. This spirit has entered into the brook in our pasture. The stones placed in its way call forth its strength and add to its

strength a song. It dwells in the tender plants as they burst the seed-cases that imprison them and push through the dark earth to the light. It sounds in the nesting notes of the meadow-lark. With this courageous spirit I too can face the hard things of life with gladness.

A Country Girl's Creed JESSIE FIELD

April 4

JOY of heart lies in the fact that every hour of life we can be dispelling shadows.

Seed Thoughts for Daily Meditation M. B.

THANKFULNESS, with her, was more than a pious emotion. It made her long to give.

Nobler Cares G. HARE LEONARD

April 5

GOD made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

LEIGH HUNT

April 6

HE comforteth them that are losing patience.

Ecclesiasticus xvii. 24

PLOTINUS thanked God that his soul was not tied to an immortal body.

The Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit — S. T. COLERIDGE

April 7

O LORD . . . we bless Thee that Thou art no hard taskmaster, watching grimly the stint of work we bring, but the Father and Teacher of men who rejoices with us as we learn to work. We have naught to boast before Thee, but we do not fear Thy face. Thou knowest all things and Thou art love.

Prayers of the Social Awakening — WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH

April 8

I AM glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right,
But only to discover and to do with cheerful heart
The work that God appoints.

JEAN INGELOW

April 9

WHEN we give what we have, the Lord makes it enough. He did not bid His disciples bake more loaves: would not even let them go to the villages for more. It is the blessing, not the amount of work that tells.

Memoir of Lady Victoria Campbell — LADY FRANCES BALFOUR

To love abundantly is to live abundantly.

The Greatest Thing in the World — HENRY DRUMMOND

April 10

. . . when our Hannah goes,
What we shall do for want of her, not one among us knows;
And though there is not much in me, the place she leaves to fill;
Yet something may be always done, where there is but the will.

Then the kind doctor says, and he is very seldom wrong,
That I some day, when no one thinks, may grow both stout and strong;
And should I be, through all my life, a care unto my friends,
Yet Father says, there are *worse* cares than God Almighty sends!

And I will think of this, and then I never can feel
dull,
But pray to God to make me good, and kind, and
dutiful;
And when I think on Him that died, it makes my
heart grow light,
To know that feeble things on earth are precious in
His sight!

The Deformed Child DORA GREENWELL

April 11

AN eager look in two little eyes
That makes me long to be better;
An answer sweet from childish lips
To break my selfish fetter.

For this, to-day's fair portion, Lord,
I give Thee thanks to-night,
For the love of a child's pure heart is one
Of the Father's blessings bright.

ISABEL D. MITCHELL

April 12

THE Lord my God hath dealt graciously with me. Dost thou not see Him? He meets me with the warmth of His love at every peaceful well,

under every blossoming tree. How I praise Him that He hath opened my mind, and hath taken away the hard shell of my heart.

GOETHE

April 13

THE day is long and the day is hard,
We are tired of the march and of keeping guard ;
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
Of days to live through and of work to be done,
Tired of ourselves and of being alone.
Yet, all the while, did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own company,
We fight, but 'tis He who nerves our arm ;
He turns the arrows that else might harm,
And out of the storm He brings a calm ;
And the work that we count so hard to do,
He makes it easy, for He works too ;
And the days that seem so long to live are His,
A bit of His bright eternities ; and close to our need
His helping is.

SUSAN COOLIDGE

April 14

THOUGH we may have a hard pillow, yet it is only sin can plant a thorn in it ; and even though it may be hard and lonely, yet we may have sweet sleep and glorious visions upon it. It was

when Jacob was lying on a stone for a pillow, that he had glorious visions of the ladder reaching to heaven.

ANON

SINCE Calvary and Olivet
There is no hopeless sorrow.

ANON

April 15

AND if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee,—
More careful,—not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"
That makes Thy children "free";
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

ANNA L. WARING

April 16

THOSE who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

J. M. BARRIE

April 17

SINCE shed or cottage I have none,
I sing the more, that thou hast one;
To whose glad threshold, and free door
I may a poet come, though poor.

To his Peculiar Friend, ROBERT HERRICK
M. Jo: Wicks

April 18

THANK God for tea! What would the world do without tea! How did it exist? I am glad I was not born before tea!

Memoir SYDNEY SMITH

April 19

SAID the Old Young Man to the Young Old Man:
"Alack, and well-a-day!"
Said the Young Old Man to the Old Young Man:
"The cherry-tree's in flourish!"

Said the Old Young Man to the Young Old Man :
" The world is growing grey."
Said the Young Old Man to the Old Young Man :
" The cherry-tree's in flourish ! "

Said the Old Young Man to the Young Old Man :
" Both flower and fruit decay."
Said the Young Old Man to the Old Young Man :
" The cherry-tree's in flourish ! "

Said the Old Young Man to the Young Old Man :
" Alack, and well-a-day !
The world is growing grey ;
And flower and fruit decay.
Beware Old Man, beware Old Man !
For the end of life is nearing ;
And the grave yawns by the way . . ."

Said the Young Old Man to the Old Young Man :
" I'm a trifle hard of hearing,
And can't catch a word you say . . .
But the cherry-tree's in flourish ! "

Thoroughfares WILFRID W. GIBSON

April 20

" I WONDER you can be at all content in a place like this, loving as you do the pleasant sights of your country home. These views from your window are anything but agreeable." . . .

The woman replied, with a quiet smile, "I look beyond," and she pointed to a little outlook toward the west, where she could see a few trees in the park and "quite a bit of sky." . . . "The near view would be very dispiriting to me," she said, "but the beyond quite cheers me up, so I look that way as frequently as I can."

Christian Advocate

April 21

"I ALWAYS see in dreams," she said,
"Nor then believe that I am blind."
That simple thought a shadowy pleasure shed
Within my mind.

In a like doom, the nights afford
A like display of mercy done.
How oft I've dreamed of sight as full restored!
Not once as gone.

* * *

O Sleep! in pity thou art made
A double boon to such as we;
Beneath closed lids and folds of deepest shade
We think we see.

O Providence! when all is dark
Around our steps and o'er Thy will,
The mercy-seat that hides the covenant-ark
Has angels still.

The Blind Asleep N. L. FROTHINGHAM

April 22

HERE, where the nights are still—so still,
So luminous they turn the brain,
My spirit wanders where it will
Through little woods and out again
Across the quiet, moon-washed hill
By springing hedgerows fresh with rain
To where the dreamy orchards lie,
A sea of drifting, breaking bloom,
That flings its foam-white flower high,
And flickers in the troubled gloom:
And when, upon the midnight, lo!
The soul of night begins to sing,
O'er tangled fragrant things that grow
My spirit leaves its hovering,
And breaks its last remaining bars,
And, chainless, spreads a happy wing,
To leap and soar around the stars.

Challenge ROSAMOND N. LEHMANN

April 23

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils:
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

The Daffodils W. WORDSWORTH

April 24

THEY that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are reveal'd
Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the field;

Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all they
can know of the spring,
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft
of an Angel's wing.

In the Children's Hospital ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

April 25

MUCH of what we call evil is really good in disguise, and we should not "quarrel rashly with adversities not yet understood, nor overlook the mercies often bound up in them." Pain, for instance, is a warning of danger, a very necessity of existence. But for it, but for the warnings which our feelings give us, the very blessings by which we are surrounded would soon and inevitably prove fatal.

The Pleasures of Life LORD AVEBURY

April 26

MR. ——'s articles demand our gratitude, as does everything which tends to lift us out of our ruts and make us think.

J. SINCLAIR STEVENSON

April 27

WE'RE made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times . . . Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.

Fra Lippo Lippi ROBERT BROWNING

April 28

LET us thank God for our friends:
For their love to ourselves;
For the ways in which we know that they help us;
For the secret ways that only He knows;
For the things that they have told us about God, directly in talk, and indirectly in their lives.
Let us thank Him for the gifts that He has given to them:
For the spiritual gifts;
For the gifts of human love.
Let us thank Him for the things that they have done for the Kingdom:
For their sufferings for it;
For their service;
For their vision.
Let us remember any times of great happiness that we have had with our friends, and rejoice with God over them.

The Challenge

April 29

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make,
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parched grounds refresh as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline brave and clear;
We kneel—how weak! We rise—how full of power!
Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others—that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or thoughtless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength, and courage are with Thee?

R. C. TRENCH

April 30

"TO me . . . this personal God, this Friend Christ, is more than all else has to offer me. It is life's motive, and weapon, and solace and joy. It is its light and colour and its very *raison d'être*. And I believe that for the greater majority of men this idea of the Divine, and this only, is powerful enough to assure them real victory and moral strength. . . .

Believe me, it is the knowledge of . . . God, as a strong, sympathetic, personal friend, that . . . most of us need—to ensure life's truest success."

Tommy Wideawake H. H. BASHFORD

But One, but One,—ah, Son most dear,
And perfect image of the Love Unseen,—
Walked every day in pastures green,
And all His life the quiet waters by,
Reading their beauty with a tranquil eye.
To Him the desert was a place prepared
For weary hearts to rest;
The hillside was a temple blest;
The grassy vale a banquet-room
Where He could feed and comfort many a guest.
With Him the lily shared
The vital joy that breathes itself in bloom;
And every bird that sang beside the nest
Told of the love that broods o'er every living thing.
He watched the shepherd bring
His flock at sundown to the welcome fold,
The fisherman at daybreak fling
His net across the waters gray and cold,
And all day long the patient reaper swing
His curving sickle through the harvest-gold.
So through the world His foot-path way He trod,
Breathing the air of Heaven in every breath;
And in the evening sacrifice of death
Beneath the open sky He gave His soul to God.
Him will I trust, and for my Master take;
Him will I follow; and for His dear sake,
God of the open air,
To Thee I make my prayer.

From the prison of anxious thought that greed has builded,
From the fetters that envy has wrought and pride has gilded,
From the noise of the crowded ways and the fierce confusion,
From the folly that wastes its days in a world of illusion,
(Ah, but the life is lost that frets and languishes there !)
I would escape and be free in the joy of the open air.

By the breadth of the blue that shines in silence o'er me,
By the length of the mountain-lines that stretch before me,
By the height of the cloud that sails, with rest in motion,
Over the plains and the vales to the measureless ocean,
(Oh, how the sight of the greater things enlarges the eyes !)
Draw me away from myself to the peace of the hills and the skies.

While the tremulous leafy haze on the woodland is spreading,
And the bloom on the meadow betrays where May has been treading ;
While the birds on the branches above, and the brooks flowing under,
Are singing together of love in a world full of wonder,

(Lo, in the magic of Springtime, dreams are changed into truth !)
Quicken my heart, and restore the beautiful hopes of youth.

By the faith that the wild-flowers show when they bloom unbidden,
By the calm of the river's flow to a goal that is hidden,
By the strength of the tree that clings to its deep foundation,
By the courage of birds' light wings on the long migration,
(Wonderful spirit of trust that abides in Nature's breast !)
Teach me how to confide, and live my life and rest.

For the comforting warmth of the sun that my body embraces,
For the cool of the waters that run through the shadowy places,
For the balm of the breezes that brush my face with their fingers,
For the vesper-hymn of the thrush when the twilight lingers,
For the long breath, the deep breath, the breath of a heart without care,—
I will give thanks and adore Thee, God of the open air !

God of the Open Air HENRY VAN DYKE

I SAID it in the hillside path,
I say it on the mountain stairs,
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

* * *

The grass is softer to my tread,
For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild rose red,
Because it makes the whole world sweet.

LUCY LARCOM

THE MONTH OF MAY

For all Thy ministries,—
For morning mist, and gently-falling dew;
For summer rains, for winter ice and snow;
For whispering wind and purifying storm;
For the reft clouds that show the tender blue;
For the forked flash and long tumultuous roll;
For mighty rains that wash the dim earth clean;
For the sweet promise of the sevenfold bow;
For the soft sunshine, and the still calm night;
For dimpled laughter of soft summer seas;
For latticed splendour of the sea-borne moon;
For gleaming sands, and granite-frontled cliffs;
For flying spume, and waves that whip the skies;
For rushing gale, and for the great glad calm;
For Might so mighty, and for Love so true,
With equal mind,
We thank Thee, Lord!

A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace — JOHN OXENHAM

May 1

HARK to that jolly old missel-thrush below! he's had his nest to build, and his supper to earn, and his young ones to feed, and all the crows and kites in the wood to drive away, the sturdy John Bull that he is; and yet he can find time to sing as merrily as an abbot, morning and evening, since he sang the new year in last January. And why should not I?

Two Years Ago CHARLES KINGSLEY

May 2

THIS is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; . . . the being a force of nature instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.

Man and Superman G. B. SHAW

IN his seventy-second year his face is a thanksgiving for his former life, and a love-letter to all mankind.

(Written of Theisse) J. P. F. RICHTER

May 3

"OH, dear! is summer over?"
I heard a rosebud moan,
When first her eyes she opened,
And found she was alone.

"Oh, why did summer leave me,
Little me, belated?
Where are the other roses?
I think they *might* have waited."

Soon the little rosebud
Saw to her surprise
Other roses opening,
So she dried her eyes.

Then I heard her laughing
Gaily in the sun,
"I thought the summer over;
Why, it's only just begun!"

Artful Antics OLIVER HERFORD

May 4

"FOR myself, I want to 'sing unto the Lord a *new* song, for He hath triumphed,' and life, with its many limitations, is so much happier, even though I have much pain, and am only able to do a little knitting, and no reading. I know from years

of experience that only the Lord can lift mind and heart above the captivity of a body that cannot digest anything, or, as one of our Warboys women used to say, can't *indigest nothing*."

Pattie C. Ekins A. J. EKINS

May 5

ONCE there was a woman who had a sword in her heart; but because she was a decent body, she covered it with her shawl, and went about her business, and no one knew of it.

Once as she went along the way, she saw another woman, tottering slowly along, groping with her hands, and moaning as she went.

"Why do you grope thus?" asked the first woman, "and why do you moan as you go?"

"I am sick and wounded," said the second woman; "moreover, I am blind, and I am groping for something that may serve as a staff, to stay my steps as far as the end of the way."

The first woman looked about for a tree, but there was none, nor any bush from which she could cut a staff.

Then she drew the sword out from under her shawl, and put it in the blind woman's hand, and said, "Take this, since it is all I have to give."

The blind woman took it, and felt it all over, and leaned on it.

"Oh," she cried joyfully, "here is a good staff;

with this I shall do well." And she thanked the other, and blessed her.

And when the first woman looked at that which had been her sword, it was a staff indeed.

The Staff LAURA E. RICHARDS

May 6

FULL rich is he who, seeing gracious flowers
Like scattered incense at another's feet,
Can royally and with high heart rejoice;
Though not for him, can deem the blossoms sweet.

And Nature has made the fairest gift to him
Who finds a sweetness in another's cup,
And hungers less, because his brother feasts,
Though at the banquet board he may not sup.

Though in the dusty highway he may tread,
Unmeasured wealth has he, and all untold,
For he has felt the touch of brotherhood—
His joy is multiplied a thousandfold!

CORA LAPHAM-HAZARD

May 7

I SHALL always be the better,
Oh, my friend, for knowing you,
Once, from a higher level, your
Strong, helping hands reached out
And drew me up from self and doubt
To heights of broader view.

I shall always be the braver,
Oh, my friend, for knowing you.
For something of your scorn I caught
For falseness, meaness, and deceit;
And now, although we never meet,
I keep the good you taught.

ANON

May 8

LOVER of men,
We thank Thee that Thou hast made all men of one flesh,
So that the strong may share their strength with the weak,
The wise may share their knowledge with the simple,
The seer of truth may share his vision with those whose eyes are dim.

A Book of Prayers written for use in an Indian College

JOHN S. HOYLAND

May 9

THIS is your birthday. On the calendars
Of those who love you it is marked with gold,
As both a holy and a holiday.

* * *

We are most glad, since you were sent to earth,
It was while we are here; not hastened down
To shine amidst the shadows of the past,
Nor kept to grace some joyful future day,
But come to share our present as it is,
And leave to-morrow better for your stay.

ANON

May 10

THE blessed work of helping forward, happily does not wait to be done by perfect men.

Janet's Repentance GEORGE ELIOT

IT is a joy to me to be a joy,
Which may in the most lonely heart take root.

A New Joy F. W. FABER

May 11

HE sang of the light that breaks
When the thunder-cloud is riven,
He sang of the life that wakes
To a call that cometh from Heaven;
Of a voice in the desert heard,
Of a cry at the midnight hour,
Of a strength that waiteth a word
Of the hiding * of ancient power.

* *Habakkuk* iii. 4.

He sang of the life that takes
  Its sleep in the arms of death,
Of the dawn through the dusk that breaks
  That the darkness conquereth.
He sang of the light that sleeps
  And burns in the hidden gem,
He sang of the light that leaps
  And flames in the diadem.
He sang of the flowering rod,
  Of the almond's blossoming,
He sang of the seed in the clod,
  A dark unlovely thing.
He sang of the blade through the sod
  That cleaves at the breath of spring,
He sang to the ear of God,
  He sang the song of a King.

The Song of Islam DORA GREENWELL

May 12

GOD is the only one who *never* makes me feel shy, or afraid of being in the way, or not good enough or wise enough or something enough, and I do love it so.

* * *

I have entered into a world of most wonderful and gracious freedom, and every breath I draw in it is full of satisfying life. It is the freedom of God's own house, the satisfiedness of God's own life. My Father's house—my Father's life—and so, in some wonderful way, *all mine.* And all the things

that used to seem fetters on my limbs and nets about my feet have—oh! better far than merely gone: they have become the very touch and discipline of His hands, the hands of my Father, guiding me into ever-fuller freedom and ever-deepening sureness of love.

God in Everything MIRIAM GRAY

May 13

HERE in my workshop where I toil
Till head and hands are well-nigh spent;
Out on the road where the dust and soil
Fall thick on garments worn and rent;
Or in the kitchen where I bake
The bread the little children eat—
He comes, His hand of strength I take,
And every lonely task grows sweet.

ANON

May 14

WE have a Leader, so gentle, that we can go, as it were, to His tent at night, and tell Him we are afraid of to-morrow's warfare; that the hard battle has weakened our nerves. O tender Saviour, wounded unto death, and yet strong in the consciousness of an indomitable power: Thou shalt lead us forth conquering and to conquer.

ANON

May 15

HOW little can we tell all we are being delivered from by our very limitations, or the wider service to which the Lord is leading in ways beyond our ken?

So let us thank God for trials that are not removed, though brought before Him in believing prayer, and praise Him for answers that seem long in coming, knowing the delay is needed to make us ready to receive them.

The Growth of a Soul — DR. AND MRS. HOWARD TAYLOR

May 16

HUNDREDS of years before Christ's Society was formed, its Programme had been issued to the world. I cannot think of any scene in history more dramatic than when Jesus entered the church in Nazareth and read it to the people. . . .

TO BIND UP THE BROKEN-HEARTED:
TO PROCLAIM LIBERTY TO THE CAPTIVES:
TO COMFORT ALL THAT MOURN:
TO GIVE UNTO THEM—
BEAUTY FOR ASHES,
THE OIL OF JOY FOR MOURNING,
THE GARMENT OF PRAISE FOR THE SPIRIT OF HEAVINESS.

What an exchange—Beauty for Ashes, Joy for Mourning, Liberty for Chains! No marvel "the

eyes of all them that were in the Synagogue were fastened on Him" as He read; or that they "wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His lips."

* * *

What are the great words of Christianity according to this Programme? Take as specimens these:

LIBERTY,
COMFORT,
BEAUTY,
JOY.

These are amongst the greatest words of life. Give them their due extension, the significance which Christ undoubtedly saw in them and which Christianity undoubtedly yields, and there is almost no great want or interest of mankind which they do not cover.

These are not only the greatest words of life but they are the best. This Programme, to those who have misread Christianity, is a series of surprises. Observe the most prominent note in it. It is *gladness*. Its first word is "good-tidings," its last is "joy."

The Programme of Christianity — HENRY DRUMMOND

May 17

WHAT a privilege it is to be enabled to lay hold on One who reveals Himself to us as "The God of Hope." Only let the meaning of this

title be fully realised, and we can descend into the most hopeless circumstances, and take up the most hopeless service, and with that anchor of the soul sure and steadfast, we can endure and labour on. . . . There is a joyous triumph in that abounding hope.

HENRY GROVES

I GIVE thanks to-day that I was called to a work greater than the powers with which I came to it; that I saw from the first that, if I were ever to equal my task, it must be by continuous growth.

GEORGE A. GORDON

May 18

TO look forward to a pleasure is also a pleasure.

G. E. LESSING

May 19

HOW well we knew along our road
Old John the postman's sturdy figure,
As on he strode beneath a load
That day by day seemed ever bigger!

How lusty was the note he wound
Afar to herald his appearing!
I often found a sweeter sound
Not half so welcome or so cheering.

A Country Postman R. H. LAW

May 20

I THOUGHT to myself, How nice it is
For me to live in a world like this,
Where things can happen, and clocks can strike,
And none of the people are made alike;

Where Love wants this, and Pain wants that,
Where all our hearts want Tit for Tat
In the jumbles we make with our heads and our hands,
In a world that nobody understands,
But with work, and hope, and the right to call
Upon Him who sees it and knows us all.

I saw a New World WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

May 21

THANK God for life; life is not sweet always.
Hands may be heavy laden, heart careful,
Unwelcome nights follow unwelcome days,
And dreams Divine end in awakenings dull;
Still it is life; and life is cause for praise.
This ache, this restlessness, this quickening sting
Prove me no torpid and inanimate thing,—
Prove me of Him who is the life, the spring.
I am alive,—and that is beautiful.

ANON

May 22

EVERY place that I have lived in was a place of Divine Love, which there set up its obliging Monuments. Every Year and Hour of my life hath been a time of Love. Every Friend and every Neighbour . . . hath been the Messengers and instruments of Love. Every state and change of my life, notwithstanding my sin, hath opened to me Treasures and Mysteries of Love; and after such a life of Love shall I doubt whether the same God do love me? Is He the God of the Mountains and not the God of the Valleys? Did He love me in my youth and health? and doth He not love me in my Age, and Pain, and Sickness? Did He love all the Faithful better in their Life than at their Death?

R. BAXTER

May 23

I HEAR it said yon land is poor,
In spite of those rich cowslips there—
And all the singing larks it shoots
To heaven from the cowslips' roots.
But I, with eyes that beauty find,
And music ever in my mind,
Feed my thoughts well upon that grass
Which starves the horse, the ox, and ass.

So here I stand, two miles to come
To Shapwick and my ten-days-home,
Taking my summer's joy, although
The distant clouds are dark and low,
And comes a storm that, fierce and strong,
Has brought the Mendip hills along:
Those hills that when the light is there
Are many a sunny mile from here.

Cowslips and Larks WILLIAM H. DAVIES

May 24

I COULD there sit quietly, and, looking on the water, see fishes leaping at flies of several shapes and colours; looking on the hills I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows, could see here a boy gathering lillies and lady-smocks and there a girle cropping culver-keyes [columbines] and cowslips, all to make garlands sutable to this present month of May. . . I say, as I thus sate, joying in mine own happy condition . . . I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth.

The Compleat Angler IZAAK WALTON

May 25

WHAT a sunset! how golden! how beautiful! . . . My heart swells and my eyes fill as I write it, and think of the immeasurable majesty of

Nature, and the unspeakable goodness of God, who has spread an enjoyment so pure, so peaceful, and so intense, before the meanest and the lowliest of His creatures.

Our Village MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

May 26

I PRAISE God that He chose the green
To wrap our dear brown mother in,
And not the purple or the rose
Nor other hue the rainbow shows.

To-day when chestnut fans half-spread
Feed the starved soul with daily bread,
When poplars like green tapers soar,
To say their Sursum Cordas o'er.

To-day with thorn-trees white as milk,
And fields all clad with grass-green silk,
Damasked with daisies wonderfully,
And every tree a heavenly tree.

What other colour, blue or white,
Could so refresh us, so delight?
Yellows or violets so brim o'er
Our cup of sweets to hold no more?

Year after year when May comes sweet,
Hidden in green from head to feet,
Under pale arches, dropping still
Lapfuls of flowers in vale and hill;

A wonder, a green miracle,
More fairy-fine than words can tell;
I praise God that He chose the green
To wrap our sweetheart-mother in.

In May KATHARINE TYNAN

May 27

I SAW a little Wood-mouse once,
Like Oberon in his hall,
With the green, green moss beneath his feet,
Sit under a mushroom tall.

I saw him sit and his dinner eat,
All under the forest-tree—
His dinner of chestnut ripe and red,
And he ate it heartily.

I wish you could have seen him there:
It did my spirit good,
To see the small thing God had made
Thus eating in the wood.

I saw that He regardeth them,
Those creatures weak and small;
Their table in the wild is spread
By Him who cares for all!

Songs of Animal Life MARY HOWITT

May 28

AMONG so many, can He care?
Can special love be everywhere?
A myriad homes—a myriad ways—
And God's eye over every place?
I asked: my soul bethought of this:
In just that very place of His
Where He hath put and keepeth you,
God hath no other thing to do!

A. D. T. WHITNEY

May 29

IT fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so:
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

A. H. CLOUGH

May 30

I HAVE found in it [the Bible] words for my inmost thoughts, songs for my joy, utterance for my hidden griefs, and pleadings for my shame and feebleness.

The Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit — S. T. COLERIDGE

I LONG to shape in stone
What life has meant to me,
That my delight be known
To all eternity.

Though in love's praise I give
To time frail words alone,
Yet may not song outlive
All perishable stone?

Song WILFRID W. GIBSON

Am I wrong to be always so happy? This world
is full of grief;
Yet there is laughter of sunshine, to see the crisp
green on the leaf,
Daylight is ringing with song-birds, and brooklets
are crooning by night;
And why should I make a shadow where God makes
all so bright?

* * *

Therefore will I be grateful, and therefore will I
rejoice;
My heart is singing within me; sing on, O heart
and voice.

Hilda WALTER C. SMITH

SAY, what is the spell, when her fledgelings are cheeping,
That lures the bird home to her nest?
Or wakes the tired mother, whose infant is weeping,
To cuddle and croon it to rest?
What's the magic that charms the glad babe in her arms,
'Till it coos with the voice of a dove?
'Tis a secret, and so let us whisper it low—
And the name of the secret is Love!
For I think it is Love,
For I feel it is Love,
For I'm sure it is nothing but Love!

Say, whence is the voice that, when anger is burning,
Bids the whirl of the tempest to cease?
That stirs the vexed heart with an aching—a yearning
For the brotherly hand-grip of peace?
Whence the music that fills all our being—that thrills
Around us, beneath and above?
'Tis a secret: none knows how it comes, how it goes:
But the name of the secret is Love!
For I think it is Love,
For I feel it is Love,
For I'm sure it is nothing but Love!

Say, whose is the skill that paints valley and hill,
  Like a picture so fair to the sight?
That flecks the green meadow with sunshine and
    shadow,
  'Till the little lambs leap with delight?
'Tis a secret untold to hearts cruel and cold,
  Though 'tis sung by the angels above
In notes that ring clear for the ears that can hear—
  And the name of the secret is Love!
    For I think it is Love!
    For I feel it is Love!
  For I'm sure it is nothing but Love!

Sylvie and Bruno's Song LEWIS CARROLL

THE MONTH OF JUNE

For maiden sweetness, and for strength of man;
For love's pure madness and its high estate;
For parentage—man's nearest reach to Thee;
For kinship, sonship, friendship, brotherhood
Of men—one Father—one great family;
For glimpses of the greater in the less;
For touch of Thee in wife and child and friend;
For noble self-denying motherhood;
For saintly maiden lives of rare perfume;
For little pattering feet and crooning songs;
For children's laughter, and sweet wells of truth;
For sweet child-faces and the sweet wise tongues;
For childhood's faith that lifts us near to Thee
And bows us with our own disparity;
For childhood's sweet unconscious beauty sleep;
For all that childhood teaches us of Thee;
We thank Thee, Lord!

A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace — JOHN OXENHAM

June 1

THANK God for bairns' prayers!

JAMES CHALMERS

BLESS God for little children's sunny faces!

Sunny Faces, Blessed Hands,
Loving Words

LITTLE child, with face so bright,
Who has made your heart so light?
'Tis our Father.

ANON

IF I value myself on anything it is on having a smile that children love.

Twice-Told Tales N. HAWTHORNE

June 2

"I WAS too ambitious in my deed,
And thought to distance all men in success,
Till God came on me, marked the place, and said,
'Ill-doer, henceforth keep within this line,
Attempting less than others,'—and I stand
And work among Christ's little ones, content."

Aurora Leigh E. B. BROWNING

June 3

IT is beautiful, beautiful to give; one of the very most beautiful things in life. I quarrel with my poverty only because I can give so little. . . . To make up . . . I try to give as much of myself as possible, gifts of sympathy, helpfulness, kindness.

Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther — By the Author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*

June 4

I DO not flatter myself that I hold any very important place in the world's economy. But I believe that I have humbly contributed somewhat to the happiness of others, and I find that the reward for thwarted, wasted ambitions has come in the shape of a daily increasing joy in quiet things and tender simplicities. . . . I have proved by experiment that a life beset by many disadvantages, and deprived of most of the stimulus that to some would seem essential, need not drift into being discontented or evil or cold or hard.

The House of Quiet — A. C. BENSON

June 5

IT must be that when the Lord took from me one faculty, He gave me another; which is in no way impossible. I think of the beautiful Italian proverb: "When God shuts a door He opens a window."

HELEN KELLER

June 6

"HAVE you ever thought of thanking God for spectacles, Mrs. H——? I never did, until I was asked a similar question, not long ago, by a friend. Since then, I have thanked Him for them every day."

SAMUEL WILKINSON

June 7

I DO not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine—
The orchards and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,
A little strip of sea.

* * *

Here sit I, as a little child;
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome
I bow my head before;

The universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon Thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad, when is open'd to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of Thee.

A Strip of Blue LUCY LARCOM

GOD'S gifts put man's best dreams to shame.

Sonnet from the Portuguese E. B. BROWNING

June 8

THIS world is all too sad for tears,
I would not weep, not I,
But smile along my life's short road,
Until I smiling die.

The little flowers breathe sweetness out
Through all the dewy night;
Should I more churlish be than they,
And 'plain for constant light?

Not so, not so, no load of woe
Need bring despairing frown;
For while we bear it, we can bear,
Past that, we lay it down.

Against Tears SARAH WILLIAMS

June 9

SOME years ago, a lady in Hammarfest, on being condoled with on the absence of sunlight all through the winter, remarked, " Oh, it's not so bad, there is generally an hour of daylight to *clean the lamps !* "

CONTRIBUTED

June 10

HOW beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !
How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout !
Across the window pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks ;

He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

Rain in Summer H. W. LONGFELLOW

June 11

"OH, yes, Cephy, I'm a pore worm jes like thet wriggly brown one thar, jes an atom, ez the elder says, but I feel clean ter the bone thet the Omnipytent has mastered His hull job. I don' hol' thet one creetur He has made air overlooked er fergotten, nary one lost outen His jurisdiction!"

Pa Gladden ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

June 12

GOD is good. The pretty flowers
Growing in the fair green wood,
And this pleasant world of ours,
Tell us children "God is good,"
Tell us children "God is good."

The sparkling brook that runs along
Where so often we have stood,
Sings to us a gentle song,
Saying, "Children, God is good,"
Saying, "Children, God is good."

And the robin warbling, gay,
To her happy nestling brood,
You can almost hear her say—
"Little children, God is good,"
"Little children, God is good."

He provides us day by day
Home and clothing, friends and food,
Should we not then always pray,
"Make, oh make, us children good,"
"Make, oh make, us children good"?

ANON

June 13

ONE of the specific objects of Christ's Society is Beauty. . . . For Christianity not only encourages whatsoever things are lovely, but wars against that whole theory of life which would exclude them. . . .

It is impossible to doubt that the Decorator of the World shall not continue to serve to His later children, and in ever finer forms, the inspirations of beautiful things. . . . The mere light and colour of the wall-advertisements are a gift of God to the poor man's sombre world.

The Programme of Christianity — HENRY DRUMMOND

June 14

I LOVE the little daisies on the lawn
Which contemplate with wide and placid eyes
The blue and white enamel of the skies—
The larks which sing their matin-song at dawn,
High o'er the earth and see the new Day born,
All stained with amethyst and amber dyes.

I love the shadowy woodland's hidden prize
Of fragrant violets, which the dewy morn
Doth open gently underneath the trees
To cast elusive perfume on each hour—
The waving clover, full of drowsy bees,
That take their murmurous way from flower to flower.
Who could but think—deep in some sun-flecked glade—
How God must love these things that He has made?

The Country Beautiful PAUL BEWSHER

June 15

JOYFUL, joyful, we adore Thee,
God of glory, Lord of Love;
Hearts unfold like flowers before Thee,
Praising Thee their sun above.
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness;
Drive the dark of doubt away;
Giver of immortal gladness,
Fill us with the light of day!

All Thy works with joy surround Thee,
Earth and heaven reflect Thy rays,
Stars and angels sing around Thee,
Centre of unbroken praise:
Field and forest, vale and mountain,
Blooming meadow, flashing sea,
Chanting bird and flowing fountain,
Call us to rejoice in Thee.

Thou art giving and forgiving,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
Well-spring of the joy of living,
Ocean-depth of happy rest!
Thou our Father, Christ our Brother,—
All who live in love are Thine:
Teach us how to love each other,
Lift us to the Joy Divine.

Mortals join the mighty chorus,
Which the morning stars began;
Father-love is reigning o'er us,
Brother-love binds man to man.
Ever singing march we onward,
Victors in the midst of strife;
Joyful music lifts us sunward
In the triumph song of life.

Hymn of Joy HENRY VAN DYKE

June 16

I AWOKE this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth Himself so to me in His gifts?

Friendship R. W. EMERSON

June 17

I LIKE to think of His binding souls so close as to make them channels to each other of the waters of life.

THOMAS ERSKINE

June 18

HEARTS I have won of sister or of brother
Quick on the earth or hidden in the sod,
Lo every heart awaiteth me, another
Friend in the blameless family of God.

Saint Paul FREDERICK W. H. MYERS

June 19

I HAVE come at last to see that God has found even a small, broken instrument like myself worth working through, and I just lift up my heart to Him every day, battered and bruised as it is, in deep, unspeakable thankfulness.

The Lady of the Decoration

June 20

BETTER to have wings that are clipped than to have no wings at all.

Where Love Is WILLIAM J. LOCKE

June 21

I THINK it a sweet thing that Christ saith of my cross, "Half mine," and that He divideth these sufferings with me, and taketh the largest share to Himself; nay, that I, and my whole cross, are wholly Christ's.

S. RUTHERFORD

June 22

THERE'S healing by the waters,
There's healing in the trees,
There's healing with the blossoms,
There's healing in the breeze.
There's healing on the mountain,
There's healing in the light,
There's healing 'neath the hemlock,
There's healing in the night.
There's healing in the city,
There's healing where 'tis still,
There's healing on the ocean,
There's healing by the rill.

There's healing in the desert,
  There's healing in the rain,
There's healing by the fountain,
  And in the rustling grain.
There's healing all about us,
  In sunshine and in storm;
God heals His weary children,
  When they of strength are shorn.
Thank God for all His healings—
  For the flutter of the trees!
Thank God for all His healings—
  His winds, His flowers, His seas!

The American Friend WILLIAM C. ALLEN

June 23

HOW I love the hum of the drowsy bee,
And the "whirr" of the insect wings,
The pulsing breath of the noontide heat
In which immortality rings,
The quivering shadows at my feet,
The note of the lark who sings!

How I love the smell of the sodden earth,
Which under my feet is springing,
The tender twitterings of the birds
That for very joy are singing,
The wonder stories of the wind
The evening breeze is bringing.

Amaranthe LORMA LEIGH

June 24

WHEN we are out upon the hills,
'Tis sweet to list to rural sounds;
A mingled noise of purling rills,
Of lowing kine, and baying hounds,
And many a small bird's mingled song
Arises from the vale below;
Unless perchance the wind is wrong,
And from our ears the sound should blow.

We note the crowing of the cock,
We mark the steed's far distant neigh,
We hear the bleating of the flock,
And donkey after donkey bray,
All these are common notes 'tis true,
Which humble instruments produce,
Yet are they sweet to listen to;
And there's the cackle of the goose.

The Music of Nature (*Punch*, 16th January 1858)

June 25

THOUGH clock,
To tell how night drawes hence, I've none,
A cock,
I have, to sing how day drawes on.

His Grange, or Private Wealth ROBERT HERRICK

June 26

THRICE blessed, rather, is the man with whom
The gracious prodigality of nature,
The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom,
The bounteous providence in ev'ry feature,
Recall the good Creator to His creature,
Making all earth a fane, all heav'n its dome!
To *his* tuned spirit the wild heather-bells
Ring Sabbath knells;
The jubilate of the soaring lark
Is chaunt of clerk;
For Choir, the thrush and the gregarious linnet;
The sod's a cushion for his pious want;
And, consecrated by the heaven within it
The sky-blue pool, a font.
Each cloud-capp'd mountain is a holy altar;
An organ breathes in every grove;
And the full heart's a Psalter,
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love!

Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire T. HOOD

June 27

A GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool

Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

My Garden T. E. BROWN

June 28

PEOPLE think I must be dull! Why, I wake every morning with quiet joy, expecting the new mercies the day is sure to bring, and He never disappoints me. If in the evening He were to ask, "Lackest thou anything?" I could only reply, "Nothing, Lord."

Life and Letters of Mrs. Sewell MRS. BAYLY

June 29

LORD, when I look upon mine own life it seems Thou hast led me so carefully, so tenderly, Thou canst have attended to none else; but when I see how wonderfully Thou hast led the world, and art leading it, I am amazed that Thou hast had time to attend to such as I.

ST. AUGUSTINE

June 30

ETERNITY will not be too long to say "Thank the Lord" for His unbounded strength to fill the gaps of my patience.

L. PROSSER

My house is little, but warm enough
When the skies of Sorrow are snowing;
It holds me safe from the tempest rough,
When the winds of Despair are blowing.

Its rafters come from the woods of Praise,
Its walls from the quarry of Prayer,
And not one echo, on stormy days,
Can trouble the stillness there.

The floor is bare, but the joists are strong
With Faith from the heavenly hill;
My lamp is Love, and the whole year long
It burns unquenchable still.

With sweet Content is my hearth well lit,
And there, in the darkest weather,
Hope and I by the fire can sit,
And sing, and keep house together.

My Little House MAY BYRON

INTERLUDE

ONE July morning I took an early morning train [to " go to Boston to talk to children of the slums at a vacation school "]. It was a hot day that gave promise of being very, very hot even in the country, and what in the city! When I reached my destination I found a great many girls in the room, but more babies than girls, it seemed. Each girl was holding one, and there were a few to spare. " Now," I said, " what shall I talk to you about this morning, girls? " . . .

Then up spoke a small, pale-faced, heavy-eyed child, with a great fat baby on her knee, " Tell us how to be happy." The tears rushed to my eyes, and a lump came in my throat. Happy in such surroundings as those in which, no doubt, she lived: perhaps dirty and foul-smelling! Happy, with burdens too heavy to be borne! All this flashed through my mind while the rest took up the word and echoed, " Yes, tell us how to be happy."

" Well," I said, " I will give you my three rules for being happy; but mind, you must all promise to keep them for a week, and not skip a single day, for they won't work if you skip one single day." So they all faithfully and solemnly promised that they wouldn't skip a single day.

" The first rule is that you will commit something to memory every day, something good. It needn't

be much, three or four words will do, just a pretty bit of a poem, or a Bible verse. Do you understand?" I was so afraid they wouldn't, but one little girl with flashing black eyes jumped up from the corner of the room and cried, "I know; you want us to learn something we'd be glad enough to remember if we went blind." "That's it, exactly!" I said. "Something you would like to remember if you went blind." And they all promised that they would, and not skip a single day.

"The second rule is: Look for something pretty every day; and don't skip a day, or it won't work. A leaf, a flower, a cloud—you can all find something. Isn't there a park somewhere near here that you can all walk to?" (Yes, there was one.) "And stop long enough before the pretty thing that you have spied to say, 'Isn't it beautiful!' Drink in every detail, and see the loveliness all through. Can you do it?" They promised, to a girl.

"My third rule is—now, mind, don't skip a day—Do something for somebody every day." "Oh, that's easy!" they said, though I thought it would be the hardest thing of all. Just think, that is what those children said, "Oh, that's easy! Didn't they have to tend babies and run errands every day, and wasn't that doing something for somebody?" "Yes," I answered them, "it was."

At the end of the week, the day being hotter than the last, if possible, I was wending my way along a very narrow street, when suddenly I was literally grabbed by the arm, and a little voice said, "I done it!" "Did what!" I exclaimed, looking

down, and seeing at my side a tiny girl with the proverbial fat baby asleep in her arms. Now I will admit that it was awfully stupid of me not to know, but my thoughts were far away, and I actually did not know what she was talking about. "What you told us to, and I never skipped a day, neither," replied the child, in a rather hurt tone. "Oh," I said, "now I know what you mean. Put down the baby, and let's talk about it." So down on the sidewalk she deposited the sleeping infant, and she and I stood over it and talked.

"Well," she said, "I never skipped a day, but it was awful hard. It was all right when I could go to the park, but one day it rained and rained, and the baby had a cold, and I just couldn't go out, and I thought sure I was going to skip, and I was standin' at the window 'most cryin', and I saw"—here her little face brightened up with a radiant smile—"I saw a sparrow takin' a bath in the gutter that goes round the top of the house, and he had on a black necktie, and he was handsome." It was the first time I had heard an English sparrow called handsome, but I tell you it wasn't laughable a bit—no, not a bit.

"And then, there was another day," she went on, "and I thought I should have to skip it, sure. There wasn't another thing to look at in the house. The baby was sick, and I couldn't go out, and I was feelin' terrible, when"—here she caught me by both hands, and the most radiant look came to her face—"I saw the baby's hair!" "Saw the baby's hair!" I echoed. "Yes, a little bit of sun came

in the window, and I saw his hair, an' I'll never be lonesome any more." And catching up the baby from the sidewalk, she said, "See!" and I too saw the baby's hair. "Isn't it beau-ti-ful?" she asked. "Yes, it is beautiful," I answered. You have heard of artists raving over Titian hair. Well, as the sun played on this baby's hair, there were the browns, the reds, the golds, which make up the Titian hair. Yes, it was truly beautiful. "Now, shall we go on?" I said, taking the heavy baby from her.

The room was literally packed this time; ten times as many girls, and as many babies as your mind will conceive of. I wish you could have listened with me to the experiences of those little ones. Laughter and tears were so commingled that I don't know which had the mastery.

The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer — GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

THE MONTH OF JULY

For doubts that led us to the larger trust;
For ills to conquer; for the love that fights;
For that strong faith that vanquished axe and flame
And gave us Freedom for our heritage;
For clouds and darkness, and the still, small voice;
For sorrows bearing fruit of nobler life;
For those sore strokes that broke us at Thy feet;
For peace in strife; for gain in seeming loss;
For every loss that wrought the greater gain;
For that sweet juice from bitterness out-pressed;
For all this sweet, strange paradox of life;
We thank Thee, Lord!

A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace — JOHN OXENHAM

July 1

FOR the glory and the passion of this midnight,
I praise Thy name, I give Thee thanks, O Christ!
Thou that hast neither failed me nor forsaken,
Through these hard hours with victory overpriced;
Now that I too of Thy passion have partaken,
For the world's sake called, elected, sacrificed.

Thou wast alone through Thy redemption vigil,
Thy friends had fled;
The angel at the garden from Thee parted,
And solitude instead,
More than the scourge, or Cross, O tender-hearted,
Under the crown of thorns bowed down Thy head

But I, amid the torture and the taunting,
I have had Thee!
Thy hand was holding my hand fast and faster,
Thy voice was close to me,
And glorious eyes said, "Follow me, thy Master,
Smile as I smile thy faithfulness to see."

Agesilao Milano H. E. HAMILTON KING

July 2

BURDEN-BEARERS are we all,
Great and small.
Burden-sharers be ye all,
Great and small!
Where another shares the load,
Two draw nearer God.
Yet there are burdens we can share with none,
Save God;
And paths remote where we must walk alone,
With God;
For lonely burden and for path apart—
Thank God!
If these but serve to bring the burdened heart
To God.

Burden-Bearers JOHN OXENHAM

July 3

THE disease of fame is on me sorely; I crave it even as these others; and like so many of them I see that the chances of it are small. . . . *Non omnis moriar* if, dying, I may live on like you, little Norah Hamilton, to make fainting hearts strong, to hold up the lamp of faith, courage and resolution before weak, wandering footsteps. "Not altogether shall I die" if my example, like yours, beloved, may shine out over a waste of years, and

light some tumbling, blundering boat through the rocks and shallows; if the memory of my strong love and hope may stretch across a decade and smooth some stony path for sore, tired feet; if even a score of people are the better for my having lived, and no human being the worse. Is that, I wonder, the real answer to this prayer of fame?

The Twentieth Century Child E. H. COOPER

July 4

SOMETIMES the Master gives to me
A strange new alphabet;
I wonder what its use will be,
Or why it need be set.
And then I find this tongue alone
Some stranger ear can reach,
One whom He may commission me
For Him to train or teach.

If others sadly bring to me
A lesson hard and new,
I often find that helping them
Has made me learn it too.
Or, had I learnt it long before,
My toil is overpaid,
If so one tearful eye may see
One lesson plainer made.

The Great Teacher FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

July 5

O IT'S grand to live, and grander far—if I dare put it in writing—to feel and to know the guidance and love of the Infinite.

RONALD HODGKIN

July 6

NOT in dumb resignation
We lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist,
Content to trust and die.
Our faith springs like the eagle,
Who soars to meet the sun,
And cries exulting unto Thee,
O Lord, Thy will be done!

JOHN HAY

July 7

"JOHN, do you see that bed of resignation?"—"It's doin' bravely, sir."—"John, I will not have it in my garden; it flatters not the eye and comforts not the stomach; root it out."—"Sir, I ha'e seen o' them that rase as high as nettles; gran' plants!"—"What then? Were they as tall as Alps, if still unsavoury and bleak, what matters it? Out with it then; and in its place put Laughter,

and a Good Conceit (that capital home evergreen), and a bush of Flowering Piety—but see it be the flowering sort—the other species is no ornament to any gentleman's Back Garden."

Letters R. L. STEVENSON

July 8

THE night was creeping on the ground;
She crept and did not make a sound
Until she reached the tree, and then
She covered it, and stole again
Along the grass beside the wall.

I heard the rustle of her shawl
As she threw blackness everywhere
Upon the sky and ground and air,
And in the room where I was hid:
But no matter what she did
To everything that was without,
She could not put my candle out.

So I stared at the night, and she
Stared back solemnly at me.

Check JAMES STEPHENS

July 9

IF our joy consists in His giving us victory over sin, our joy goes if we are overtaken in a fault. If our joy rests upon His work in and through us, we may not always be conscious of just what He

is accomplishing, and we may be exalted or cast down unduly.

But if our joy is in HIM and what HE IS, that cannot change or fluctuate, and we can always abound in joy.

How to live the Victorious Life — AN UNKNOWN CHRISTIAN

July 10

"TELL me, dear, if your mother is a widow, and so poor that she cannot afford to rent a comfortable place to live in, what is it that makes her so happy?"

"I don't know," said the child musingly, "unless it is because *God is her friend!*"

Sunny Faces, Blessed Hands, Loving Words

July 11

"THANK God for the smilers in the world!"

A Cherry Tree — AMY LE FEUVRE

I HAVE mirth here thou wouldst not believe,
From deepest cares the highest joys I borrow.

GEORGE WITHER

July 12

MY Uncle Job one summer's day
Laid aside his numerous woes,
And from the hedge beside the way
Plucked Aunt Jane a crimson rose.

And skylarks carolled to the sun,
And fairies danced the road along
Singing, singing, "O, well done!" . . .
And Uncle's heart became a song!

Uncle Job D. B. HASELER

July 13

CONSIDER what we owe to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, countless, and peaceful spears of the field! Follow but for a little time the thought of all that we ought to recognise in those words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent scented paths, the rest in noonday heat, the joy of the herds and flocks, the power of all shepherd life and meditation; the life of the sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks and soft blue shadows, when else it would have struck on the dark mould or scorching dust; pastures beside the pacing brooks, soft banks and knolls of lowly hills, thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea; crisp lawns all

dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, softening in their fall the sound of loving voices.

Modern Painters JOHN RUSKIN

July 14

A Cupboard for Preserves

I SKIM the sunbeam from the swallow's wing,
I catch the bloom from the dusking sloe;
I keep the grace of every pretty thing
Safe in my heart—but not too deep, you know:
And when we come to a December day,
And nothing grows, and nothing shines or sings,
I take a handful of my gathered spray,
And fill the world with gleams and whisperings.

Restful Thoughts for Dusty Ways FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

July 15

To Some Friends of Mine

IN praise of faithful friendship and loving loyalty I bring to you a word of tribute. . . .

How unobtrusive has this friendship been! While ever near, you never thrust yourself upon me. A friend at hand for every need, I turn to you at will for knowledge, for inspiration, for courage, for admonition, for recreation, for laughter, for consolation, for the joy of beauty and rhythm and romance, for the zest of discovery and for the very

love I bear you. . . . You greet me in the morn with good cheer for the day ahead. At eventide you welcome me with friendly benison. . . .

And so at this thanksgiving tide I render thanks to you. I give this meed of praise to you my ever faithful friends—my books.

The American Friend WALTER C. WOODWARD

July 16

HOW calm and quiet a delight
It is alone
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, nor offending none.

CHARLES COTTON

How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear,
In cadence sweet!

Winter Morning Walk W. COWPER

July 17

I AM nevertheless a strange lover of good smells . . . the simple and natural seem to be most pleasing.

Essays MONTAIGNE

"You can't think what a delight colours are to me."

Penny Plain O. DOUGLAS

July 18

'TWERE bliss to see one lark
Soar to the azure dark
Singing upon his high celestial road.
I have seen many hundreds soar, thank God!

Not one flower, but a rout,
All exquisite, are out:
All white and golden every stretch of sod,
As though one flower were not enough, thank God!

Introit KATHARINE TYNAN

July 19

LET them sing of bright red gold,
Let them sing of silver fair;
Sing of all things on the earth,
All things in the air;
All things in the sunny air,
All things in the sea;
And I'll sing a song as rare,
Of the apple-tree.

The Apple-Tree ANON

July 20

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof;

Under the sparres of which I lie
Both soft and drie;

* * *

Some brittle sticks of thorne or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coale I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits, that bee
There plac'd by Thee;
The worts, the purslain, and the messe
Of water-cresse,
Which of Thy kindnesse Thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.

* * *

All these, and better Thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart;
Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne,
As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

A Thanksgiving to God ROBERT HERRICK

July 21

TO praise Thee is the joy and happiness of the soul.

ST. AUGUSTINE

July 22

WHAT though unmarked the happy workman toil,
And break unthanked of man the stubborn clod ?
It is enough, for sacred is the soil,
Dear are the hills of God.

Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word
And sing His glory wrong.

Honours JEAN INGELOW

July 23

O MASTER Workman, if Thou choose
The thing I make, the tool I use,
If all be wrought to Thy design
And Thou transmute the me and mine,
The noise of saw and plane shall be
Parts in the heavenly harmony ;
And all the din of working days
Reach Thee as deep and peaceful praise.

RICHARD LANE

July 24

"GREAT is God, who has given us such implements with which we shall cultivate the earth: great is God, who has given us hands, the power of swallowing, a stomach, imperceptible growth, and the power of breathing while we sleep." This is what we ought to sing on every occasion, and to sing the greatest and most divine hymn for giving us the faculty of comprehending these things.

Sursum Corda

EPICTETUS

July 25

O LORD, we thank Thee for the beginnings as well as for the end of things, for processes as well as for results, for seedtime as well as for harvest, and especially for the days of growth. Let the beauty of the summertide and the broadening of the leaves speak to our hearts of Thy unceasing care. Forgive us our forgetful hours and by Thy mercy turn complaints to praise. How wonderful are all Thy works that we behold! Teach us to expect new wonders as we see more of Thee. And may we by Thy good Spirit grow in wisdom as we grow in years, becoming childlike in our faith and expectation, as becometh Thy children and the followers of our Elder Brother, Christ. In His name. Amen.

ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN

July 26

BECAUSE He heard my voice, and answered me,
Because He listened, ah, so patiently,
In those dark days, when sorrowful, alone,
I knelt with tears, and prayed Him for a stone;
Because He said me "Nay," and then instead,
Oh, wonderful sweet truth! He gave me bread,
Set my heart singing all in sweet accord;
Because of this, I love—I love the Lord!

The Verse-Book of a Homely Woman — FAY INCHFAWN

July 27

I DO not think that even an unrequited love, or a love that has been hurt should make us bitter. . . . Love in itself is such a beautiful thing, and after all, it is the love we give that matters. . . .

Love is so great, so infinitely the greatest thing in the world; the more you really love a person the less you worry about whether they are paying you back in coin of equal value. You only want to wrap them round with your love, and in loving, just loving, you find a joy that nothing can ever take away from you.

L. GERTRUDE MOBERLY

July 28

WHEN I had shed my glad year's leaf,
I did believe I stood alone,
Till that great company of Grief
Taught me to know this craving heart
For not my own.

The Lesson of Grief GEORGE MEREDITH

July 29

WHY should I cloud my brow?—or yield to dark despair?
All, all men are my brethren, and this fruitful earth is fair;
For I know when Heav'n hath wounded, and probed the bleeding breast,
It's richest healing balm is in making others blest.

MRS. SIGOURNEY

July 30

"I THANK God every minute that He is there, and that when we fall, we fall into His hands, for very great are His mercies. It is the best place to be, rather than in any world which puts patches on and draws curtains over the unpleasant things. And it is the best place for you too. You wouldn't *really* like to refuse our Lord's invitation to enter

into the fellowship of His sufferings, would you? And it is nothing less than that. And never mind if it does come to you that it has all been a failure; failure does its work if it makes me realize more my need, not of plasters and anodynes, but of something better—Him."

Especially William, Bishop of Gibraltar, and Mary his Wife

July 31

WHO shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? . . . Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Romans viii. 35

This is the thanksgiving of the weary,
The song of him that is ready to rest.

It is good to be glad when the day is declining,
And the setting of the sun is like a word of peace.

The stars look kindly on the close of a journey,
And the tent says welcome when the day's march is done.

For now is the time of the laying down of burdens,
And the cool hour cometh to them that have borne the heat.

I have rejoiced greatly in labour and adventure;
My heart hath been enlarged in the spending of my strength.

Now it is all gone, yet I am not impoverished,
For thus only I inherit the treasure of repose.

Blessed be the Lord that teacheth my fingers to loosen,
And cooleth my feet with water after the dust of the way.

Blessed be the Lord that giveth me hunger at nightfall,
And filleth my evening cup with the wine of good cheer.

Blessed be the Lord that maketh me happy to be quiet,
Even as a child that cometh softly to his mother's lap.

O God, Thy strength is never worn away with labour:
But it is good for us to be weary and receive Thy gift of rest.

The Welcome Tent HENRY VAN DYKE

THE MONTH OF AUGUST

For friends above; for friends still left below;
For the rare links invisible between;
For Thine unsearchable greatness; for the vails
Between us and the things we may not know;
For those high times when hearts take wing and rise
And float secure above earth's mysteries;
For that wide, open avenue of prayer,
All radiant with Thy glorious promises;
For sweet hearts tuned to noblest charity;
For great hearts toiling in the outer dark;
For friendly hands stretched out in time of need
For every gracious thought and word and deed;
We thank Thee, Lord!

A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace — JOHN OXENHAM

August 1

O GOD, we offer Thee praise and benediction for the sweet ministries of motherhood in human life. We bless Thee for our own dear mothers. . . . We thank Thee for their tireless love. . . . We pray Thee to forgive us if in thoughtless selfishness we have taken their love as our due without giving the tenderness which they craved as their sole reward. And if the great treasure of a mother's life is still spared to us, may we do for her feebleness what she did for ours.

Prayers of the Social Awakening — WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH

August 2

OH, it is lovely to remember
That the Lord's almighty wing is round us,
Oh, it is lovely to remember
That we had a father who was good and holy;
And we will try like him to be.
Oh, it is lovely to remember
That some day we shall hear him call again.

Oh, it is lovely to remember
That when the last call shall awake us
We shall see his face once more.
Oh, it is lovely to remember
That the Lord has still our mother left us.

EMILY ADAMS
(nine years old)

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.
Alleluia!

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW

August 3

WITH confidence of heart we give Thee thanks for all dear to us who have finished their course and who now see the face of their Saviour. In Thy presence we would . . . magnify Thy Holy name for what they have been to us.

Oh God, from whom cometh down every good and every perfect gift, we bring to Thee the offering of thankfulness for this Thy child, whose life Thou didst make full and happy. Thou didst show to her the way of faith, and after her Master's pattern, Thou didst make it a joy to her to be of use. We praise Thee for her loving heart, her willing trust, her eager energy, by which she quickened those about her.

(Part of Prayer at A. W. Greenfield's Grave-side)

August 4

IF it were but some little thing
Our Lord saw fit to take away,
A wound with but a slender sting,
A trouble lasting but a day,
A pang that could be cured ere long—
How could our human faith grow strong?

But when He takes our heart's desire
All in a moment's agony,
Our spirits pass within the fire,
And think that surely they must die;
Yet walking in that fierce despair
Find they can trust Him even there.

Nor few are they who thus have seen,
Although with bitter weeping blind,
That never that dear Lord hath been
Before so tender or so kind;
No sunny hours could ever prove,
As proves this night of storms, His Love.

We know not how His comforts come,
We see no wondrous Form appear,
We feel no Hand—the world is dumb,
And yet we know He draweth near;
And as He toucheth us—that hour
The agony has lost its power.

Nor ever, though our life be long,
And new delights should bring their aid,
Can we forget who made us strong,
And bid us never be afraid;
Who chose that dark and fearful place,
To let us see Him face to face.

J. E. A. BROWN

August 5

IT is well that when storm-clouds are dark overhead,
And rough and hard is the path we tread,
There are beautiful friendships to brighten our way,
And hearts as true as the light of day.

O the world is not empty and drear and lone
When hearts like these are in touch with our own,
And we cannot be poor, though no silver or gold
Or gems be ours, while such treasures we hold.

Friendship EDITH HICKMAN DIVALL

August 6

HE doeth much that loveth much.

The Imitation of Christ THOMAS À KEMPIS

August 7

TO rejoice with those who do rejoice, is a rare, but very great joy.

The Magic of Sympathy EMILY C. ORR

August 8

BLEST be that gracious Power, who taught mankind
To stamp a lasting image of the mind;
Beasts may convey, and tuneful birds may sing,
Their mutual feelings in the opening Spring;
But man alone has skill and power to send
The heart's warm dictates to the distant friend;
'Tis his also to please, instruct, advise,
Ages remote, and nations yet to rise.

GEORGE CRABBE

August 9

IN Switzerland one idle day,
As on the grass at noon we lay,
Came a grave peasant child, and stood
Watching the strangers eat their food.
And what we offered her she took
In silence, with her quiet look,
And when we rose to go, content
Without a word of thanks she went.

Another day in sleet and rain
I chose the meadow path again,
And partly turning chanced to see
My little guest-friend watching me
With eyes half-hidden by her hair,
Blowing me kisses unaware
That I had seen, and still she wore
The same grave aspect as before.

And some recall for heart's delight
A sunrise, some a snowy height,
And I a little child that stands
And gravely kisses both her hands.

Idyll HUGH MACNAGHTEN

August 10

DOLLS and breakfast, walks and toys,
And *some* things that one enjoys
Happen every single day.
But it is the other way
With the nicest kinds of things:
Cherry blossom in the spring,
White and beautiful and dear,
Only happens once a year.
And just *once* corn's gold and ripe,
And it's spring when blackbirds pipe.
First I was surprised at it;
Now I've thought it out a bit;

And it's very nice, you know,
Just to wait for things. And though
We must sometimes be without them,
We can think in bed about them!

My Magazine

August 11

I CANNOT tell you how much life surprises me. I never get used to it. I never tire of pondering and watching and wondering. The way in which eternal truths lurk along one's path, lie among the potatoes in cellars . . . peep out at one from every apparently dull corner, sit among the stones, hang upon the bushes, come into one's room in the morning with the hot water, come out at night in heaven with the stars, never leave us, touch us, press upon us, if we choose to open our eyes and look, and our ears and listen—how extraordinary it is. Can anyone be bored in a world so wonderful?

Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther By the Author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*

If we believe that the Son of God has come into the world to make out of our tangled life an ordered kingdom of justice and goodwill and we volunteer to aid in this age-long campaign, we find an unexpected exhilaration in the service, and the worse the tangle the greater the exhilaration.

LYMAN ABBOTT

August 12

I CAME to understand that I wanted, and that I must have or my soul would die, such a personal union and fellowship with God Himself as should satisfy my whole life ; *I must know the God of Jesus Christ* HIMSELF for MYSELF.

At last, in His time, He showed me Himself. And then quite quickly all sorts of queer things happened, and they keep on happening. Life has become so wonderfully simple. Really everything worth while seems to come as a by-product of knowing God, and knowing that you and your life are verily and indeed *in God*. . . .

And no one need say this is mystical and unpractical. It is the realest and most practical fact of my daily life, and it may be of anybody's if they choose. More, they will find it means a new heaven and a new earth to know it real.

For it is not only the God *of* Jesus Christ I have come to know. It is more wonderful than that. It is the God who *is* Jesus Christ.

God in Everything MIRIAM GRAY

August 13

HOW lovely is Thy world to-day,
Oh Lord of life to me,
In all its glory fresh and full
Thy quickening power I see ;

My heart leaps up in thankfulness,
  My soul keeps praising Thee—
The God whose beauty is so great,
  Whose bounty is so free.

God giveth much; but He hath more
  And better things to send,
Withholding not, from seeking hearts,
  The joys that never end.
Soon daylight dies, soon summer goes,
  And trees lose all their shade;
But God the Lord 's a sun and shield
  His love can never fade.

A Song for a Holiday A. CRIGHTON ALEXANDER

August 14

FATHER of life, we praise Thee that one day Thou wilt take Thy poor crooked creatures, and give them bodies like Christ's, perfect as His, and full of Thy light. . . . O Lord, we rejoice that we are Thy making, though Thy handiwork is not very clear in our outer man as yet. We bless Thee that we have Thy hand making us. What if it be in pain! Evermore we hear the voice of the potter above the hum and grind of his wheel. Father, Thou only knowest how we love Thee.

Paul Faber GEORGE MACDONALD

August 15

THOU art coming! We are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure:
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure!

Advent Song FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

August 16

WE have had a very happy time. I think we have done little but be happy. It seems just now especially the will of our kind Father that it should be so. He delights to bless with rest and peace as well as with affliction; we are too apt to think the latter is His normal state of mind towards us. We have allowed ourselves to enjoy the sunshine all day long, and no harm of any kind has come near us.

Life and Letters of Mrs. Sewell MRS. BAYLY

August 17

"THEY are a great comfort, the unchanging things—these placid round-backed hills, and the river and the grey town."

Penny Plain O. DOUGLAS

August 18

OVER the corn
A little wind's running:
Running, oh! running!
The little wind dies.

Oceans of splendour
Shining and sunning—
Just themselves sunning
Under the skies.

Somewhat had varied
In minute measure
That harvest treasure
But for that wind.

What once has been
There is no power
For a single hour
Quite to rescind.

Our eyes are darkened
In mists of grieving
And unbelieving
No longer see.

In love and sorrow
All that we cherish
Seems then to perish
No more to be.

Yet love that came
In tears or laughter
Is part thereafter
Of all life's gold.

There is no ending:
Forlorn we wonder
Yet naught can sunder
The wind from the wold.

Over the Corn A. HUGH FISHER

August 19

THANK God for music! for the pleasant voices
Of boughs, and winds, and waters, as they meet;
For every bird that in the wood rejoices;
For every note in *nature's* concert sweet.
To me the lark's clear carolling on high
Reveals the whole wide, blue, bright summer sky.

ANON

August 20

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime to me.
Let them sail from Porto Rique,
Far-off hearts through seas to seek,

I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated, torrid-zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

The Humble-Bee R. W. EMERSON

GOD . . . hath made everything beautiful in its time.
Ecclesiastes iii. 11.

August 21

ALL things have something more than barren use;
There is a scent upon the briar,
A tremulous splendour in the autumn dews,
Cold morns are fringed with fire.

The clodded earth goes up in sweet-breath'd flowers;
In music dies poor human speech,
And into beauty blow those hearts of ours
When Love is born in each.

Daisies are white upon the churchyard sod,
Sweet tears the clouds lean down and give.
The world is very lovely. O my God,
I thank Thee that I live!

Love Universal ALEXANDER SMITH

August 22

HISTORY, the child of Literature,
links the ages of the world together.
Electricity, the child of Science,
links the ends of the earth together.
Friendship, the child of human Love,
links true hearts together everywhere.
Divine Love, the Parent of all these,
links Man to God and Earth to Heaven.

J. B. HODGKIN

August 23

IT is our joy and comfort to play a very small part in an infinitely great evolution—the establishment of the Divine Kingdom.
The Pilot

No life is a failure which brightens however faintly the lives of others.
Brothers H. A. VACHELL

August 24

BE like the bird
That, pausing in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way
Beneath her and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.

VICTOR HUGO

August 25

"I'M thankful for not being able to finish things—at least they don't seem to be finished, but I suppose they are as long as it's time for me to go. I'm very thankful not to be allowed to do all the things I want to; because I think I know how Christ felt a little, when He gave up things in the garden, to do Thy will, our Father."

The House of Prayer FLORENCE CONVERSE

How can I thank Thee enough for the wonder of Thy love to me in Christ?

WALTER C. SMITH

August 26

SO tired, Lord—Thou knowest all,
Oh! welcome, happy thought!
I need not tell Thee, Thou hast seen
The happiness it brought.

So tired, Lord—Thou hast been tired,
Ah! when I think of Thee,
My keenest anguish melts away
In Thy deep love for me.

ANON

OUR little inch of time-suffering is not worthy of our first night's welcome home to Heaven.

Letters S. RUTHERFORD

August 27

WE thank Thee that we have tasted the rich life of humanity. We bless Thee for every hour of life, for all our share in the joys and strivings of our brothers, for the wisdom gained which will be part of us forever. If soon we must go, yet through Thee we have lived and our life flows on in the race. By Thy grace we too have helped to shape the future and bring in the better day.

. . . We rejoice . . . that for those who abide in Thee death is but the gateway to life eternal. Into Thy hands we commend our spirit.

Prayers of the Social Awakening — WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH

August 28

O NOT a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that He has giv'n us
To pour our souls in prayer.

JANE C. SIMPSON

August 29

THE prayers we can't pray in detail because we are too tired, and the thoughts that get dispersed when temperatures go up, or pain comes, don't really fly away; they only sink in and go by some safer road, please God.

Especially William, Bishop of Gibraltar, and Mary his Wife

August 30

LET us not always say
"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!"

Rabbi Ben Ezra ROBERT BROWNING

August 31

WHERE the untrained eye will see nothing but mire and dirt, science will often reveal exquisite possibilities. The mud we tread under our feet in the street is a grimy mixture of clay and sand, soot and water. Separate the sand, however, as Ruskin observes—let the atoms arrange themselves in peace according to their nature—and you have the opal. Separate the clay, and it becomes a white earth, fit for the finest porcelain; or, if it still further purifies itself, you have a sapphire. Take the soot, and if properly treated it will give you a diamond. While, lastly, the water, purified and distilled, will become a dewdrop, or crystallise into a lovely star. Or, again, you may see in a shallow pool either the mud lying at the bottom, or the image of the heavens above.

The Pleasures of Life LORD AVEBURY

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road
  Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
  And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time
  To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heat of noon,
  To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
  The birds sweet music bore,
It stood a glory in its place,
  A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
  Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
  Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
  A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
  But judged that Toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well
  By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues
  And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought,
'Twas old and yet was new,
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true:
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great;
A watch-fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart:
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

Little at First, but Mighty at Last — CHARLES MACKAY

SHE's only a working girl, busy each day
In gaining her portion of bread;
Her mother is old and infirm, so they say,
Her father, they tell me, is dead.
And there, at her window, I see her employed,
I glance at her morning and night,
And think that without her the earth would be void
Of much of its beauty and light.

She's only a working girl, it is decreed
She must dwell with the lowly of earth;
And yet she's as rare in thought and in deed
As the queenliest princess of earth.
And I would she might know that her beautiful life,
Though shadowed with want and with care,
Has been, in the midst of my toil and my strife,
A hope and a song and a prayer.

ANON

THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

For songbird answering song on topmost bough;
For myriad twitterings of the simpler folk;
For that sweet lark that carols up the sky;
For that low fluting on the summer night;
For distant bells that tremble on the wind;
For great round organ tones that rise and fall,
Entwined with earthly voices tuned to heaven,
And bear our hearts above the high-arched roof;
For Thy great voice that dominates the whole,
And shakes the heavens, and silences the earth;
For hearts alive to earth's sweet minstrelsies;
For souls attuned to heavenly harmonies;
For apprehension, and for ears to hear,—
We thank Thee, Lord!

A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace — JOHN OXENHAM

September 1

A LITTLE maiden met me in the lane,
And smiled a smile so very fain,
So full of trust and happiness,
I could not choose but bless
The child, that she should have such grace
To laugh into my face.

She never could have known me; but I thought
It was the common joy that wrought
Within the little creature's heart,
As who should say:—"Thou art
As I; the heaven is bright above us;
And there is God to love us:
And I am but a little gleeful maid,
And thou art big, and old, and staid;
But the blue hills have made thee mild
As is a little child.
Wherefore I laugh that thou may'st see—
O, laugh! O, laugh with me!"

A pretty challenge! Then I turned me round,
And straight the sober truth I found.
For I was not alone; behind me stood,
Beneath his load of wood,
He that of right the smile possessed—
Her father manifest.

O blest be God! that such an overplus
Of joy is given to us:
That that sweet innocent
Gave me the gift she never meant,
A gift secure and permanent!
For, howsoe'er the smile had birth,
It is an added glory on the earth.

The Intercepted Salute — T. E. BROWN

September 2

O GOD, we thank Thee for this universe, our great home; for its vastness and its riches, and for the manifoldness of the life which teems upon it and of which we are part. We praise Thee for the arching sky and the blessed winds, for the driving clouds and the constellations on high. We praise Thee for the salt sea and the running water, for the everlasting hills, for the trees, and for the grass under our feet. We thank Thee for our senses by which we can see the splendor of the morning, and hear the jubilant songs of love, and smell the breath of the springtime. Grant us, we pray Thee, a heart wide open to all this joy and beauty, and save our souls from being so steeped in care or so darkened by passion that we pass heedless and unseeing when even the thornbush by the wayside is aflame with the glory of God.

Prayers of the Social Awakening — WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH

September 3

I LIKE to hear a cold, pure rill
Of water trickling low, afar,
With sudden little jerks and purls
Into a tank or stoneware jar;
The song of a tiny sleeping bird
Held like a shadow in its trill.

Magic W. J. TURNER

September 4

"BREATHE in the fresh air. It is one of the best gifts that the good God has bestowed upon us. We want fresh air not only in our lungs but all through, if I may say so, our being."

Letters to his Friends FORBES ROBINSON

September 5

"JOY is a Duty,"—so with golden lore
The Hebrew Rabbis taught in days of yore,
And happy human hearts heard in their speech
Almost the highest wisdom man can reach.

But one bright peak still rises far above,
And there the Master stands whose name is Love,
Saying to those whom weary tasks employ:
"Life is divine when Duty is a Joy."

Joy and Duty HENRY VAN DYKE

September 6

A COMMONPLACE life, we say and we sigh,
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings;
But dark were the world and sad our lot,
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not.
And God who studies each separate soul
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

Mountains in the Mist FRANK W. BOREHAM

September 7

"SEE yonder there—that's *my* friend."

"The fire?" said the child.

"It has been alive as long as I have," the man made answer. "We talk and think together all night long."

The child glanced quickly at him in her surprise, but he had turned his eyes in their former direction, and was musing as before.

"It's like a book to me," he said—"the only book I ever learned to read; and many an old story it tells me. It's music, for I should know its voice among a thousand, and there are other voices in

its roar. It has its pictures too. You don't know how many strange faces and different scenes I trace in the red-hot coals. It's my memory, that fire, and shows me all my life."

The Old Curiosity Shop CHARLES DICKENS

September 8

AFTER all, the true pleasures of home are not without, but within, and "the domestic man who loves no music so well as his own kitchen clock and the airs which the logs sing to him as they burn on the hearth, has solaces which others never dream of."

We love the ticking of the clock, and the flicker of the fire, like the sound of the cawing of rooks, not so much for any beauty of their own as for their associations.

It is a great truth that when we retire into ourselves we can call up what memories we please.

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection recalls them to view—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood
And every lov'd spot which my infancy knew."

The Pleasures of Life LORD AVEBURY

September 9

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day, and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

The Cow — A. and J. TAYLOR

AND the dog is still faithful,
Still the loving friend of man;
Ever ready at his bidding,
Doing for him all he can.

Songs of Animal Life — MARY HOWITT

ANIMALS are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.

Scenes of Clerical Life — GEORGE ELIOT

September 10

"TO be a reasonable human being—with capacity for seeing something of God's purposes for the race—with power to forward them—with opportunities for love and sacrifice and prayer—oh! I am so glad that I was not a mere animal."

Letters to his Friends — FORBES ROBINSON

September 11

THE contribution of Christianity to the joy of living, perhaps even more to the joy of *thinking*, is unspeakable. The joyful life is the life of the larger mission, the disinterested life, the life of the overflow from self, the "more abundant life" which comes from following Christ. And the joy of thinking is the larger thinking, the thinking of the man who holds in his hand some Programme for Humanity.

The Programme of Christianity — HENRY DRUMMOND

September 12

I THANK Him that enabled me, even Jesus Christ our Lord.

1 *Timothy* i. 12

THOU awakest us to delight in Thy praise; for Thou madest us for Thyself, and our heart is restless, until it repose in Thee.

Confessions — ST. AUGUSTINE

September 13

TROUBLE? dear friend, I know her not. God sent
His angel Sorrow on my heart to lay
Her hand in benediction, and to say,
"Restore, O child, that which thy Father lent,
For He doth now recall it," long ago.

His blessed angel Sorrow! She has walked
For years beside me, and we two have talked
As chosen friends together. Thus I know
Trouble and Sorrow are not near of kin.
Trouble distrusteth God, and ever wears
Upon her brow the seal of many cares;
But Sorrow oft has deepest peace within.
She sits with Patience in perpetual calm,
Waiting till Heaven shall send the healing balm.

Dublin University Magazine

September 14

I HAVE been tried,
Tried in the fire,
And I say this,
As the result of dire distress,
And tribulation sore—
That a man's happiness doth not consist
Of that he hath, but of the faith
And trust in God's great love
These bring him to.
Nought else is worth consideration.
For the peace a man may find
In perfect trust in God
Outweighs all else, and is
The only possible foundation
For true happiness.

Bed-rock JOHN OXENHAM

September 15

"MY dear Miriam,

". . . You go in and out of all the rooms in God's house as though you were quite at home. . . . I would really like to know whether you were always like this, or whether, as S. says, it is your happy temperament, or what it is." . . .

"Dear Parson,

"No, it cannot be temperament only, for it certainly was not the way I used to do even three years ago. . . .

"But now it is different, oh! so different. What is the difference, you say? Well, I'm not quite sure, but I think it is something like this. All that time the world was really a school. And though I called God *Father*, I really thought of Him as a lot of other things first—Schoolmaster, King, Lord Almighty, and so on. . . . It had never really got down into my mind that He was *my* Father. And now it is different. I'm not at school; I've come home."

God in Everything MIRIAM GRAY

September 16

HEAVEN above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green!
Something lives in every hue
Christless eyes have never seen.

Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with deeper beauties shine,
Since I know, as *now* I know,
I am His, and He is mine.

WADE ROBINSON

September 17

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait."

On His Blindness JOHN MILTON

September 18

MUSIC is . . . one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us.

MARTIN LUTHER

September 19

SWIFTLY the dropping sands of time did run—
Sank in the reddening sky the setting sun—
One sadly sighed, " The night blows cold and drear."
One, smiling, said, " The angels' wings I hear."

ANON

THROUGH studying the best way to do my every-day work I can find joy in common tasks well done. Through loving comradeship I can help bring into my home the happiness and peace that are always so near us in God's out-of-door world.

A Country Girl's Creed JESSIE FIELD

September 20

OLD Joe, for all he is paralysed, has the use of his eyes, whereas Mr. Wells, who can and does shuffle about pretty freely on his feet, has not got the use of his.

* * *

Never yet did I hear murmur or complaint from their lips. Never once. They are most beautifully happy. They are radiant in their happiness.

* * *

" We've got nothing to complain of," says Mr. Wells. " Everybody is kind to us. We've got our health, thank God! We've got a roof over our heads. We've got food in the locker."

Two Old Gentlemen HAROLD BEGBIE

September 21

IT was early last September nigh to Framlin'am-on-Sea,
An' 'twas Fair-day come to-morrow, an' the time was after tea,
An' I met a painted caravan adown a dusty lane,
A Pharaoh with his waggons comin' jolt an' creak an' strain;
A cheery cove an' sunburnt, bold o' eye and wrinkled up,
An' beside him on the splashboard sat a brindled tarrier pup,
An' a lurcher wise as Solomon an' lean as fiddle-strings
Was joggin' in the dust along 'is roundabouts and swings.

"Goo'-day" said 'e; "Goo'-day," said I; "an' 'ow d'you find things go,
An' what's the chance o' millions when you runs a travellin' show?"
"I find," said 'e, "things very much as 'ow I've always found,
For mostly they goes up and down or else goes round and round."
Said 'e, "The job's the very spit o' what it always were,
It's bread and bacon mostly when the dog don't catch a 'are;

But lookin' at it broad, an' while it ain't no merchant king's,
What's lost upon the roundabouts we pulls up on the swings!"

"Goo' luck," said 'e; "Goo' luck," said I; "you've put it past a doubt;
An' keep that lurcher on the road, the gamekeepers is out";
'E thumped upon the footboard an' 'e lumbered on again
To meet a gold-dust sunset down the owl-light in the lane;
An' the moon she climbed the 'azels, while a night-jar seemed to spin
That Pharaoh's wisdom o'er again, 'is sooth of lose-and-win;
For "up an' down an' round," said 'e, "goes all appointed things,
An' losses on the roundabouts means profits on the swings!"

Roundabouts and Swings PATRICK R. CHALMERS

September 22

THERE'S not a heath, however rude,
But has some little flower
To brighten up its solitude
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast
By grief or sorrow down,
But has some memory of the past
To love and call its own.

Leaves Worth Turning

September 23

GOD has given us our memories that we might have roses in December.

ANON

WHAT a pleasure it is to think that the most exquisite moments on earth are but faint images of that which will be!

Memorials of a Quiet Life MARIA HARE

September 24

. . . thankful for the bond of unity with the whole family of God in heaven and on earth; thankful that we have God's infinite power to draw upon.

* * *

There is also the joy of personal growth, of being able to rise above conditions, and overcome all obstacles by faith—"More than conquerors through Him that loved us." Further there is the joy of conscious co-operation with God, the joy of watching the unfolding of His plans, and of helping forward their development.

Seed Thoughts for Daily Reading M. B.

September 25

O, THE little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,—
Toll slowly!
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,—
Round our restlessness, His rest.

Rhyme of the Duchess May E. B. BROWNING

September 26

MY spiritual Thanksgiving has thrown light for myself on this word: *If it were not so; I would have told you.* It came to me to give thanks for what I did not know. (And there is very little that we really know!) *These all died in faith,* and we may say of such a large number, these all *live* in faith. Thanks for the unknown; thanks for all He has not told us; thanks for the silence when we have said, Why? My Thanksgiving meditation has led me into such green pastures.

Heart to Heart Letters MARGARET BOTTOME

September 27

LORD, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought:
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still:
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer:
For pain, death, sorrow sent
Unto our chastisement:
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

The Undiscovered Country W. D. HOWELLS

September 28

THE shackles are *not* indissoluble. One has come to preach deliverance to the captives. The crag is *not* so lonely, for One is at his side whose form is that of the Son of God. The pain of the present evil shall *not* waste for evermore, for *One is born* who shall give release. The lot of man is not hopeless. "Behold," says the Christian seer, "the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

The Mystery of Suffering S. BARING-GOULD

September 29

THE expression of love produces happiness; therefore, the more perfect the expression the greater the happiness! . . . Do I undervalue earthly bliss? No! I enhance it when I make it

the sacrament of a higher union! Will not these thoughts give more exquisite delight, will it not tear off the thorn from every rose and sweeten every nectar cup to perfect security of blessedness, in this life, to feel that there is more in store for us—that all expressions of love here are but dim shadows of a union which shall be perfect?

Letters CHARLES KINGSLEY

September 30

I KNOW not the way I am going,
But well do I know my Guide;
With a child-like trust I give my hand
To the mighty Friend by my side.
The only thing that I say to Him,
As He takes it, is,—"Hold it fast:
Suffer me not to lose my way,
And bring me home at last."

As when some hapless wanderer,
Alone in an unknown land,
Tells the guide his destined place of rest,
And leaves all else in his hand;
'Tis home, 'tis home, that we wish to reach,
He who guides us may choose the way,
Little we heed what path we take
If nearer home each day.

ANON

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made·
Our times are in His hand
Who saith "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor count the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

* * *

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once "How good to live and learn?"

Not once beat "Praise be Thine!
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now love perfect too:
Perfect I call Thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete—I trust what Thou shalt do!"

Rabbi Ben Ezra ROBERT BROWNING

I THOUGHT that my voyage had come to its end at the last limit of my power—that the path before me was closed, that provisions were exhausted and the time come to take shelter in a silent obscurity.

But I find that Thy will knows no end in me. And when old words die out on the tongue, new melodies break forth from the heart; and where the old tracks are lost, new country is revealed with its wonders.

Gitanjali RABINDRANATH TAGORE

THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

For that supremest token of Thy Love,
Thyself made manifest in human flesh;
For that pure life beneath the Syrian sky—
The humble toil, the sweat, the bench, the saw,
The nails well-driven, and the work well-done;
For all its vast expansions; for the stress
Of those three mighty years;
For all He bore of our humanity;
His hunger, thirst, His homelessness and want,
His weariness that longed for well-earned rest;
For labour's high ennoblement through Him,
Who laboured with His hands for daily bread;
For Lazarus, Mary, Martha, Magdalene,
For Nazareth and Bethany;—not least
For that dark hour in lone Gethsemane;
For that high cross upraised on Calvary;
The broken seals,—the rolled-back stone—The Way,
For ever opened through His life in death;
For that brief glimpse vouchsafed within the vail;
For all His gracious life; and for His Death;
With low-bowed heads and hearts impassionate,
We thank Thee, Lord!

A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace — JOHN OXENHAM

October 1

O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

GEORGE MATHESON
(became partially blind whilst a student at College)

October 2

GOD my Maker, who giveth songs in the night.

Job xxxv. 10

October 3

I GIVE thanks to-day, and with the utmost sincerity and solemnity, for the intrinsic difficulty of my task.

GEORGE A. GORDON

October 4

IN my heart I said, "You cannot comprehend God, you are not meant or made to comprehend God, but you *can* trust God." And the answer went up joyfully, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

The Cup of War By the Author of *Especially*

October 5

THOU Heart! why dost thou lift thy voice?
The birds are mute; the skies are dark;
Nor doth a living thing rejoice;
Nor doth a living creature hark;
Yet thou art singing in the dark.

How small thou art ; how poor and frail ;
Thy prime is past ; thy friends are chill ;
Yet as thou hadst not any ail
Throughout the storm thou liftest still
A praise the winter cannot chill.

Then sang that happy Heart reply :
" God lives, God loves, and hears me sing ;
How warm, how safe, how glad am I,
In shelter 'neath His spreading wing,
And then I cannot choose but sing."

The Singing Heart D. CAROLINA DANDRIDGE

October 6

ONE morning early, lying in my bed, and filled with thoughts about my danger from the appearance of savages, I found it discomposed me very much ; upon which those words of the Scripture came into my thoughts, " Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."

Upon this, rising cheerfully out of bed, my heart was not only comforted, but I was guided and encouraged to pray earnestly to God for deliverance. When I had done praying, I took up my Bible, and opening it to read, the first words that pre-

sented to me were, " Wait on the Lord, and be of good cheer, and He shall strengthen thy heart: wait, I say, on the Lord." It is impossible to express the comfort this gave me: and in return, I thankfully laid down the book, and was no more sad.

The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe — DANIEL DEFOE

October 7

LO, when we wade the tangled wood,
In haste and hurry to be there,
Nought seem its leaves and blossoms good,
For all that they be fashioned fair.

But looking up, at last we see
The glimmer of the open light,
From o'er the place where we would be:
Then grow the very brambles bright.

So now, amidst our day of strife,
With many a matter glad we play,
When once we see the light of life
Gleam through the tangle of to-day.

Drawing near the Light — WILLIAM MORRIS

WE wandered through the wooded vales
A fairy child and I;
And when she asked me where was Heaven,
I said, "In yonder sky."

"Ah, yes! the sky is blue," she said,
"And looks so still and pure;
And see! this violet is blue
It came from heaven for sure."

I answered, "Yes, it came from Heaven";
And tenderly she knelt
To kiss the floweret's lips, that clung
To hers as though they felt.

She saw a swallow sweep along,
And "That is blue," she said,
"And came from Heaven"; and wished the bird
Had not so swiftly fled.

And then we caught a glimpse through trees
Of ocean blue and clear,
A part of Heaven—and O, how large
How good that it was near!

"Why surely there must be," she said,
"As much on earth as *there.*
The flower, the bird, the ocean too,
Are blue and just as fair."

The Blue of Heaven HENRY ALLSOPP

October 9

YOU can tell that a boy is very ill
If he's wide awake and keeping still;
But earth would be—God bless their noise!—
A dull old place without the boys.

My Magazine

October 10

WHEN little boys with merry noise
In the meadows shout and run;
And little girls, sweet woman-buds,
Brightly open in the sun,
I may not of the world despair,
Our God despaireth not, I see;
For blithesomer in Eden's air
These lads and maidens could not be.

Why were they born, if Hope must die?
Wherefore this health, if Truth should fail?
And why such Joy, if Misery
Be conquering us and must prevail?
Arouse! our spirit may not droop!
These young ones fresh from heaven are;
Our God hath sent another troop,
And means to carry on the war.

Reinforcements T. T. LYNCH

October 11

WE own no gloomy ordinance,
No weary Jewish day,
But weekly Easters, ever bright
With pure domestic ray;
A feast of thought, a feast of sight,
A feast of joyous sound,
A feast of thankful hearts, at rest,
From labour's wheel unbound.

F. W. FABER

October 12

WHAT delights can equal those
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
When one that loves but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows?

In Memoriam ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

October 13

IT is a great source of happiness to be associated with people who are trying, however imperfectly, to make a better world.

Jesus Christ and the Social Question F. G. PEABODY

October 14

WE praise Thee, O God, for our friends, the doctors and nurses, who seek the healing of our bodies. We bless Thee for their gentleness and patience, for their knowledge and skill. We remember the hours of our suffering when they brought relief, and the days of our fear and anguish at the bedside of our dear ones when they came as ministers of God to save the life Thou hadst given. May we reward their fidelity and devotion by our loving gratitude, and do Thou uphold them by the satisfaction of work done well.

We rejoice in the tireless daring with which some are now tracking the great slayers of mankind by the white light of science. Grant that under their teaching we may grapple with the sins which have ever dealt death to the race, and that we may so order the life of our communities that none may be doomed to an untimely death for lack of the simple gifts which Thou hast given in abundance.

Prayers of the Social Awakening — WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH

October 15

I NEVER knew by my nine years' preaching so much of Christ's love as He hath taught me in Aberdeen by six months' imprisonment.

S. RUTHERFORD

October 16

IS that beast better, that hath two or three mountains to graze on, than a little bee, that feeds on dew or manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the storehouse of heaven, clouds and providence?

The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living and Dying — JEREMY TAYLOR

October 17

IT suddenly struck her that she would give thanks for *any variety* that she could find in her life.

She had thought that there was little enough, and that the task of counting that little would soon be ended. So she set to work, in mournful mood, to make her mental lists.

She began with the different *colours* there were in her small room. That was an easy list and it took but a short time to complete. But when it came to varieties of *shapes* and *sizes*; of *tastes*; of *scents*; of *sounds*; of the *feel* of all that lay around her—she laughed and confessed herself beaten: there was no counting these.

Whereby she learnt a lesson, never since forgotten; and eliminated forever from her vocabulary that word "MONOTONOUS."

M. H.

October 18

"I'M glad I wasn't invented before railways."

Penny Plain O. DOUGLAS

October 19

SOMETIMES a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious moment of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the world into communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; has diffused the light of knowledge, and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

JOHN RUSKIN

October 20

PEACE! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

BISHOP EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH

October 21

I NEVER hear a gentle, loving word, but my heart thrills and softens under it, and I involuntarily thank our Heavenly Father that He has put such a blessed key-note in the voice of humanity.

Sunny Faces, Blessed Hands,
Loving Words

October 22

OLD friends are the great blessing of one's later years. Half a word conveys one's meaning. They have a memory of the same events, and have the same mode of thinking.

HORACE WALPOLE

I HAVE felt this blessing of being able to respond to new friendships very strongly lately, for I have lost many old and valued connections during this trying spring. I thank God far more earnestly for such blessings than for my daily bread, for friendship is the bread of the heart.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

THE comfort of having a friend may be taken away, but not that of having had one.

SENECA

YOU shall perceive how you mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.

SHAKESPEARE

October 23

I THANK Thee for the loneliness
That brings me near to Thee ;—
Thanks that no other heart can bless,
No other eye can see !
I never knew the depth, the height,
Of heavenly love before :
O Lord ! Thy presence gilds my night,
It brightens more and more.

What matter, in that lucid gleam,
If stars grow bright or pale ?
Shall we of lesser glories dream
Who look within the vail ?
Why count the little earthly loss,
When gifts from Heaven flow down ?
Lord, Thou for me hast set the Cross
With jewels of the Crown.

A. G. R.

October 24

THE easy path in the lowland hath little of grand or new,
But a toilsome ascent leads on to a wide and glorious view ;
Peopled and warm is the valley, lonely and chill the height,
But the peak that is nearer the storm-cloud is nearer the stars of light.

Compensation FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

October 25

LET me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the labouring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

Work HENRY VAN DYKE

October 26

GOOD as it is to make use of one's advantages, a better use yet may be made of one's disadvantages. . . . Deafness teaches, as no other deprivation can, a feeling for the awkward and absurd forms of suffering, a swift sympathy for the snubbed and the silent, for the motley martyrs of no sect and no century, for those who mourn in gay-coloured garments and "dare not leave

their smile." Such a power of compensation once gained is a sixth and compensating sense. To the good also must be placed the revelation—it is little less—which personal trouble brings, of the immense amount of quiet kindness and helpfulness that there is in the world.

Some Minor Moralities and Minor Heresies — LADY MAGNUS

October 27

. . . can He who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear—

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast,
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all:
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by:
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh, He gives to us His joy,
That our grief He may destroy,
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

On Another's Sorrow WILLIAM BLAKE

October 28

SO, when the summer skies 're bright it's easy 'nough t' sing;
But when it's cold 'nd rains 'r snows it's quite a diff'rent thing.
In autumn, when th' nippin' frosts drive other birds away,
Th' sparrer is th' only one with nerve enough t' stay.

'Nd even in midwinter, when th' trees 're brown 'nd bare,
'Nd th' frosty flakes 're fallin' thro' bitter, bitin' air,
Th' sparrer still is with us—t' cheer us when we'r glum,
Fer his presence is a prophecy of better days t' come.

Th' sparrer's never idle, fer he has t' work his way;
You'll always find him hustlin' long before th' break
o' day.
He's plucky, patient, cheerful, 'nd he seems t' say
t' man,
"I know I'm very little, but I do th' best I can."
The English Sparrow F. S. PIXLEY

October 29

OH, isn't it nice, when beginning to tire,
To sit down and rest in front of the fire?
The Infants' Magazine

I LOVE it—I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old Arm-chair?
The Old Arm-chair ELIZA COOK

A POKER is an ever-present appendage to home delights.

ANON

October 30

OUR climate is so happy, that even in the worst months of the year, "calm mornings of sunshine visit us at times, appearing like glimpses of departed spring amid the wilderness of wet and windy days that lead to winter."
The Pleasures of Life LORD AVEBURY

And if to-night mine inn be good,
I shall be glad;
But if to-morrow's fare be rude,
And lodging bad,
It shall be so much easier then
To strike my tent, and on again.

Thoughts and Fancies for Sunday Evenings — WALTER C. SMITH

October 31

MY dead soul heard His voice, and by His voice was made to live. . . . So through the righteous law of life in Christ Jesus, I was made free. . . .

For this I can say, I never since played the coward, but joyfully entered prisons as palaces, telling mine enemies to hold me there as long as they could: and in the prison-house I sung praises to my God, and esteemed the bolts and locks put upon me as jewels, and in the Name of the eternal God I always got the victory, for they could keep me no longer than the determined time of my God.

Works, 1689 — WILLIAM DEWSBURY

He called for my life, and I offered it at His footstool;
But He gave it me as a prey,
With unspeakable addition.

He called for my will, and I resigned it at His call;
But He returned me His own,
In token of His love.

He called for the world, and I laid it at His feet,
With the crowns thereof;
I withheld them not at the beckoning of His hand.

But mark the benefit of exchange:
For He gave me, instead of earth, a Kingdom of eternal peace,
And, in lieu of the crowns of vanity,
A crown of glory.

* * *

He gave me joy, which no tongue can express,
And peace which passeth understanding. . . .

I begged Himself, and He gave me all.

He gave me power to do wonders also,
To keep His commandments, through His Holy Spirit,
And to walk in the paths of righteousness with joyful songs.

Journal THOMAS STORY

When we were little childer we had a quare wee house,
Away up in the heather by the head o' Brabla' burn ;
The hares we'd see them scootin', an' we'd hear the crowin' grouse,
An' when we'd all be in at night ye'd not get room to turn.

The youngest two She'd put to bed, their faces to the wall,
An' the lave of us could sit aroun', just anywhere we might ;
Herself 'ud take the rush-dip an' light it for us all,
An' "*God be thanked!*" she would say,—"*now we have a light.*"

Then we be to quet the laughin' an' pushin' on the floor,
An' think on One who called us to come and be forgiven ;
Himself 'ud put his pipe down, an' say the good word more,
"*May the Lamb o' God lead us all to the Light o' Heaven!*"

There's a wheen things that used to be an' now has had their day,
The nine Glens of Antrim can show ye many a sight;
But not the quare wee house where we lived up Brabla' way,
Nor a child in all the nine Glens that knows the grace for light.

Grace for Light MOIRA O'NEILL

THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER

For all life's beauties, and their beauteous growth;
For Nature's laws and Thy rich providence;
For all Thy perfect processes of life;
For the minute perfection of Thy work,
Seen and unseen, in each remotest part;
For faith, and works, and gentle charity;
For all that makes for quiet in the world;
For all that lifts man from his common rut;
For all that knits the silken bond of peace;
For all that lifts the fringes of the night,
And lights the darkened corners of the earth;
For every broken gate and sundered bar;
For every wide-flung window of the soul;
For that Thou bearest all that Thou hast made;
We thank Thee, Lord!

A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace — JOHN OXENHAM

November 1

THAN these November skies
Is no sky lovelier. The clouds are deep;
Into their grey the subtle spies
Of colour creep,
Changing that high austerity to delight,
Till ev'n the leaden interfolds are bright.
And, where the cloud breaks, faint far azure peers
Ere a thin flushing cloud again
Shuts up that loveliness, or shares.
The huge great clouds move slowly, gently, as
Reluctant the quick sun should shine in vain,
Holding in bright caprice their rain.
And when of colours none,
Not rose, nor amber, nor the scarce late green,
Is truly seen,—
In all the myriad grey,
In silver height and dusky deep, remain
The loveliest,
Faint purple flushes of the unvanquished sun.

November Skies JOHN FREEMAN

November 2

WE habitually think of the rain-cloud as dark and grey; not knowing that we owe to it perhaps the fairest, though not the most dazzling, of the hues of heaven.

Modern Painters JOHN RUSKIN

How singular, yet how simple, the philosophy of rain! What but an Omniscience could have devised such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth?

Scientific Journal

November 3

AT times the wish hath come to me to write
Only unordered names of lovely things.

White misty snows under the moon-rays white,
Rich Rhododendron-blossoms in green springs,
Grey lichen'd rocks whereto the Wallflower clings,
Warm lights from cottage windows in blue eaves,
Red-fruited sprays on which the Redbreast sings,
September suns on yellow harvest sheaves,
Black bramble-berries among crimson leaves,
Stocks that fill all the darkness with delight,
Hoar-frost upon the web the spider weaves,
White-pinioned birds in lofty, lonely flight.

When written thoughts but weary me or tease me,
Such sweet unordered names have power to please me.

A. STEVENSON NICOL

November 4

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases: it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

JOHN KEATS

November 5

PLEASED by any random toy;
By a kitten's busy joy,
Or an infant's laughing eye
Sharing in the ecstasy;
I would fare like that or this,
Find my wisdom in my bliss;
Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take,
Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought.

The Kitten and Falling Leaves W. WORDSWORTH

November 6

"SORRA meself would I be, to be sich a long-faced wooden-headed figure for iver pullin' the lips together in case a joke might widen 'em!"

A Cherry Tree AMY LE FEUVRE

November 7

POETRY has been to me "its own exceeding great reward"; it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared my solitude; and has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.

S. T. COLERIDGE

November 8

THE smallest roadside pool has its water from heaven and its gleam from the sun, and can hold the stars in its bosom, as well as the great ocean.

Blessed be Drudgery W. C. GANNETT

November 9

THE house we built with hands
To shelter love's delight
From the pitchy night
Dark and empty stands.

But from our house of dreams
Everlasting light
Through the pitchy night
Pours in golden streams.

Houses WILFRID W. GIBSON

November 10

I KNOW that this was Life—the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love.

In Memoriam ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

November 11

HE declared that sacrifice was the only true road to happiness, sacrifice of ourselves, our wishes and desires, for the good and the progress of others. . . . I wanted to get up and say it was true, that I knew it was true, that the most miserable, pitiful, smashed-up life could blossom again if it would only blossom for others.

The Lady of the Decoration

November 12

WE all know the joy that comes to the man who has made a great contribution to Science or Art. This is the daily joy of every co-worker with God—the *creating* of happiness; the carrying

of light and peace to troubled minds ; the imparting of strength, courage, and aspiration to wearied travellers along Life's way.

Seed Thoughts for Daily Meditation M. B.

November 13

"I DO not know how I should get through my life but for her letters," said an old lady, who was spending her last years in a "Home," of one who wrote to her from time to time. "You see there is no one left to write to me now, and it *is* such a pleasure to hear from some one. I carry her letter about with me for weeks, and it makes me happier to feel there is some one thinking of me."

The Magic of Sympathy EMILY C. ORR

. . . A PEN,
That mighty instrument of little men !

* * *

How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise !

LORD BYRON

November 14

HO, brother, it's the handclasp and the good word and the smile
That does the most and helps the most to make the world worth while !

It's all of us together, or it is only you and I—
A ringing song of friendship and the heart beats high.
A ringing song of friendship, and a word or two of cheer,
Then all the world is gladder, and the bending sky is clear.

* * *

It's you and I together—and we're brothers one and all
Whenever through good fellowship we hear the subtle call.
Whenever in the ruck of things we feel the helping hand
Or see the deeper glow that none but we may understand—
Then all the world is good to us and all is worth the while:
Ho, brother, it's the handclasp and the good word and the smile!

WILBUR D. NESBIT

November 15

A SMILE is quite a funny thing;
It wrinkles up your face,
And, when it's gone, you never find
Its secret hiding-place.

But far more wonderful it is
To see what smiles can do;
You smile at one, he smiles at you,
And so one smile makes two.

He smiles at some one, since you smiled,
And then that one smiles back,
And that one smiles, until in truth
You fail in keeping track.

And, since a smile can do great good
By cheering hearts of care,
Let's smile and smile, and not forget
That smiles go everywhere!

The Beacon

November 16

SAID a mouse to a bee,
"I really can't see
How so many contrive
In that very small hive
To continue to thrive."

Said the bee to the mouse,
As he entered his house,
"Does it matter at all
If your dwelling be small,
When in it are neatness
And order and *sweetness*?
I really don't think that it does—buzz-buzz!"

My Magazine

November 17

CONTENT, content! within a quiet room
All warm and lit we meet, the outward gloom
Is like a folding arm about us pressed;
A space to love in, and a space to pray
We find; content, content!

Old Letters DORA GREENWELL

November 18

OUR Father, Thou art the final source of all our comforts and to Thee we render thanks for this food. But we also remember in gratitude the many men and women whose labour was necessary to produce it, and who gathered it from the land and afar from the sea for our sustenance. Grant that they too may enjoy the fruit of their labour without want, and may be bound up with us in a fellowship of thankful hearts.

Prayers of the Social Awakening WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH

November 19

WHAT God gives, and what we take,
'Tis a gift for Christ His sake:
Be the meale of Beanes and Pease,
God be thank'd for those, and these:

Have we flesh, or have we fish,
All are Fragments from His dish.
He His Church save, and the King,
And our Peace here, like a Spring,
Make it ever flourishing.

Grace for a Child ROBERT HERRICK

November 20

CLEON hath a million acres—
Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace—
In a cottage, I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—
Not a penny, I;
But the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, and not I.

* * *

Cleon sees no charm in Nature—
In a daisy, I;
Cleon hears no anthem ringing
In the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me for ever—
Earnest listener, I;
State for state, with all attendants,
Who would change?—Not I.

Cleon and I CHARLES MACKAY

November 21

SINCE in a land not barren still,
Because Thou dost Thy grace distil,
My lot is fall'n, Blest be Thy will!
And since these biting frosts but kill
Some tares in me which choke or spill
That seed Thou sow'st, Blest be Thy skill!
For as Thy hand the weather steers,
So thrive I best 'twixt joys and tears,
And all the years have some green ears.

HENRY VAUGHAN

November 22

UPON my hill of sorrows
I, Lord, with Thee,
Cheered, upheld, yea, carried,
If a need should be:
Cheered, upheld, yea, carried,
Never left alone,
Carried in Thy heart of hearts
To a throne.

Bearing His Cross CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

November 23

OVER the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the woman stopped, and her babe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost,

And said, as her teardrops back she forced,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

* * *

But the poet listened and smiled,

* * *

And said, "It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney."
What the Chimney Sang BRET HARTE

November 24

AND after all, 'twas snug and weather-tight,
His garret. That was much on such a night—
To be secure against the wind and sleet
At his age, and not wandering the street,
A shuffling, shivering bag-of-bones.
Makeshifts WILFRID W. GIBSON

November 25

WHEN daisies go, shall Winter-time
Silver the simple grass with rime,
Autumnal frost enchant the pool
And make the cart ruts beautiful.
The House Beautiful R. L. STEVENSON

November 26

I NEITHER know, nor wish to know, what the future life has for me. I would not, if I could, stand at the open window and peer into the unknown beyond. I am sure that He whose mercies are new every morning and fresh every evening, who brings into every epoch of my life a new surprise, and makes in every experience a new disclosure of His love, who sweetens gladness with gratitude and sorrow with comfort, who gives the lark for the morning and the nightingale for the twilight, who makes every year better than the year preceding and every new experience an experience of His marvellous skill in gift-giving, has for me some future of glad surprise which I would not forecast if I could.

LYMAN ABBOTT

November 27

FAITH in Christ removes both fear of death and weariness of life.

BISHOP HILARY

November 28

"HOW dismal you look!" said a bucket to his companion, as they were going to the well.

"Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled, for, let us go away never so full, we always come back empty."

"Dear me! how strange to look at it that way!" said the other bucket. "Now I enjoy the thought that however empty we come, we always go away full."

H. J. HARDY

November 29

"WHAT a strange place a hospital is! How wonderful the Gospels are, with their hope and comfort on every page—hope for the physical as well as the mental side of man's life! I like more than ever now to read how Jesus went about healing all manner of diseases and all manner of sickness and bringing life and strength wherever He came, showing us that Heaven is on our side in our wrestle with all that deforms and degrades human nature.

I certainly don't regret my illness. Besides showing me the marvellous kindness of friends, it has, I hope, taught me much."

Letters to his Friends FORBES ROBINSON

November 30

FROM the Most High cometh healing;

* * *

The Lord created medicines out of the earth;

* * *

And He gave men skill,
That He might be glorified in His marvellous works.

Ecclesiasticus xxxviii. 2, 4, 6

The day was dull and drenched and cold,
Full half a year from June—
Was this the garden where, of old,
The birds sang late and soon?

Grey mists, more desolate than rain,
Hung low o'er borders bare:
Would ever roses bloom again,
Or sunbeams linger there?

All life seemed prisoned, far apart
From light and joy and sun,
Yet, though in bonds, my drooping heart
Still prayed, "His will be done!"

But, sudden, from a laurel spray,
There came a gift of cheer—
A robin's joyous roundelay,
Full, sorrowless, and clear.

"His will be done! God's will is love,"
He sang, "and love is rest;
Through mist below or cloud above
His ways are always best."

" God's will is love ! " Doubt breathed farewell,
Forebodings ceased control,
And, soft as April snowflakes, fell
The shackles of my soul.

His will is love, and love is rest,
Come mist, come rain or sun,
God chooses all—from east to west
His will, His love be done !

ANON

Now with no care or fear,
Because I feel Thee near,
Because my hands were not reached out in vain,
I may from out my calm
Reach humbly out some balm,
Some peace, some light to others in their pain.

ANON

THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

For perfect childlike confidence in Thee;
For childlike glimpses of the life to be;
For trust akin to my child's trust in me;
For hearts at rest through confidence in Thee;
For hearts triumphant in perpetual hope;
For hope victorious through past hopes fulfilled;
For mightier hopes born of the things we know;
For faith born of the things we may not know;
For hope of powers increased ten thousand fold;
For that last hope of likeness to Thyself,
When hope shall end in glorious certainty;
—*With quickened hearts*
That find Thee everywhere,
We thank Thee, Lord!

A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace — JOHN OXENHAM

December 1

THE chief of all things necessary for the life of man
Are water, and fire, and iron, and salt,
And flour of wheat, and honey, and milk,
The blood of the grape, and oil and clothing.

* * *

Therefore from the beginning I was resolved,
And I thought this, and left it in writing;
All the works of the Lord are good:
And He will supply every need in its season.
And none can say, This is worse than that:
For they shall all be well approved in their season.
And now with all your heart and mouth sing ye praises,
And bless the name of the Lord.
Ecclesiasticus xxxix. 16, 26, 32–35

December 2

MUSIC, without words, is wonderful and blessed; one of God's best gifts to men. But in singing you have the wonders together, music and words. Singing speaks at once to the head

and to the heart ; to our understanding and to our feelings ; and therefore, perhaps, the most beautiful way in which the reasonable soul of man can show itself . . . is singing.

The Good News of God CHARLES KINGSLEY

December 3

THE shepherds sing ; and shall I silent be ?
My God, no hymne for Thee ?
My soul's a shepherd too ; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts and words and deeds ;
The pasture is Thy word ; the streams Thy grace,
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the daylight houres.

Christmas GEORGE HERBERT

December 4

WE ought not to talk as if only sorrow brought conversion. There is a grace for happy people too. Blessed is the soul that for very happiness is broken and contrite, turns away from its sins, and goes to Jesus with the spontaneous and unselfish love of gratitude !

The More Abundant Life PHILLIPS BROOKS

December 5

THE Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

* * *

For in the day of trouble He shall keep me secretly in His pavilion:
In the covert of His tabernacle shall He hide me;
He shall lift me up upon a rock.
And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me;
And I will offer in His tabernacle sacrifices of joy;
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.
Psalm xxvii. 1, 2, 5, 6

December 6

HE sowed and hoped for reaping—
A happy man and wise;
The clouds—they did his weeping,
The wind—it sighed his sighs.

He made what fortune brought him
The limit of desire;
Thanked God for shade in summer days,
In winter time for fire.

When tempest, as with vengeful rod,
His earthly mansions cleft,
On the blank sod he still thanked God.
Life and the land were left!

Content, his earthly race he ran,
And died—so people say—
Some ten years later than the man
Who worried his life away!

A Character ANON

December 7

Love is a great Linguist

SOME hearts know one sole language, every heart
A different language, but God knows them all,
And if we make no answer to His call
In the great tongues authentic, quite apart
He will o'ertake us, and will speak a word
In that quaint dialect our childhood heard,
Yea, in our household language fond and small.

One heart shall hear Him if a bright-eyed bird
Run o'er the shadows, or a wayside stone
Be cupped and silver-fretted with its own
Quaint broidure; and another shall be stirred
Under the skies of grey November-tide
When to our earth, from some poor star that died,
Comes the last message long-deferred.

And one shall feel strong music lift him high,
And storm the gates of Heaven, and cast him in,
Under the gentle feet that trode on sin;
And one among earth's bones and relics dry
Shall find the Life: and from a baby's hand
Shut on his finger, one shall understand
All knowledge, clasped in Love's immensity.

Restful Thoughts for Dusty Ways — FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

December 8

I HAVE seen this day men in the beauty of movement,
A gallant jaw set, the form of a hero that flew,
Cunning, a selfless flinging of self in the fray,
Strength, compassion, control, the obeying of laws,
Victory, and a struggle against defeat.
I think that the Power that gave us the bodies we have,
Can only be praised by our use of the things He gave,
That we are not here to turn our backs to the sun,
Or to scorn the delight of our limbs. And for those who have eyes
The beauty of this is the same as the beauty of flowers,
And of eagles and lions and mountains and oceans and stars,

And I care not, but rather am glad that the thought will recur
That in Egypt the muscles moved under the shining skins
As here, and in Greece where Olympian champions died,
And in isles long ago, where never a record was kept.

The Rugger Match J. C. SQUIRE

December 9

IT is good to have been young in youth and, as years go on, to grow older. Many are already old before they are through their teens; but to travel deliberately through one's ages is to get the heart out of a liberal education.

Virginibus Puerisque R. L. STEVENSON

December 10

TO failing strength a stick is given—
A kindly prop acceptable!—
Thy cross upon my road to Heaven
Upholds me well.

On wood the dead Creator hung,
On wood I lean for second strength—
I who have found, too young—too young
The road's grey length!

O honest friend of simple guise—
Plain wood, no fluted gold's emboss—
I hold thee and my thoughts arise
To Christ, His Cross!

The Stick MAY O'ROURKE

December 11

WHEN I am weary, I do not try to pray,
I shut my eyes and wait to hear what God will say,
Such rest it is to wait for Him
As comes no other way.

ANON

December 12

MOST blessed things come silently, and silently depart;
Noiseless steals spring-time on the year, and comfort on the heart;
And still, and light, and gentle, like a dew, the rain must be,
To quicken seed in furrow and blossom upon tree.

Nile has his foaming rapids, freshes from mountain snows;
But where his stream breeds fruitfulness, serene and calm it flows;

And when he over-brims, to cheer his banks on either side,
You scarce can mark, so gradual, the swelling of his tide.

The Nightingale's Return (*Punch*, 23rd August, 1856)

December 13

IT is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organisation; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and

constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure.

Modern Painters JOHN RUSKIN

December 14

WHEN we contemplate the grandeur of science, if we transport ourselves in imagination back into primeval times, or away into the immensity of space, our little troubles and sorrows seem to shrink into insignificance. "Ah, beautiful creations!" says Helps, speaking of the stars, "it is not in guiding us over the seas of our little planet, but out of the dark waters of our own perturbed minds, that we may make to ourselves the most of your significance." They teach, he tells us elsewhere, "something significant to all of us; and each man has a whole hemisphere of them, if he will but look up, to counsel and befriend him."

The Pleasures of Life LORD AVEBURY

December 15

"CAN I see the stars only at night, father?"

"Only at night, my child!"

"Do they only come out then, father?"

"No; they are always there, but we cannot see them when the sun is shining."

"But, father, the darkness is not terrible here, it is beautiful!"

"Yes, dearie; the darkness is always beautiful, if we will only look up at the stars, instead of into the corners."

The Stars LAURA E. RICHARDS

December 16

TO-NIGHT, dear Lord, instead of going to bed discouraged because of the many things which I should like to have done to-day but have had to leave unfinished, I would thank Thee for what I *have* been able to do. It seems very little; but through the interruptions and the lack of strength it may be some of Thy best work was being done, both in the lives of others and in my own life. I would thank Thee; and, with a heart full of gratitude and of Thy peace, I would lay me down and sleep.

M. H.

December 17

THOU art with me, O my Father,
In evening's darkening gloom:
When night enshrouds the sleeping earth,
Thy presence fills my room:

The little stars bring messages
Of kindness from above;
I love Thee, O my Father,
And I feel that Thou art love.

Peace JANE EUPHEMIA SAXBY

December 18

HOW beautiful is Night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air.
No mist, no little cloud,
Breaks the whole serene of heaven.
In full-orbed glory the majestic moon
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Around her steady ray
The desert circle spreads;
Like the round ocean girded by the sea.
How beautiful is Night.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

December 19

FOR Thy protection whilst I slept,
O Lord my humble thanks accept.

Rising in the Morning ADELAIDE O'KEEFFE

I THANK God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest.

Religio Medici SIR THOMAS BROWNE

December 20

EVERY day I rise with a sweet consciousness that God loves me and cares for me. . . . I rejoice that in my own life what exceeds in value all other things is what I can share.

LORD CAIRNS

December 21

ALL things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations, made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed,—

All these may draw upon Thy power,
Thy mercy may command;
And still outflows Thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

F. W. FABER

December 22

SOURCE of all light, guiding and governing all things of Thy loving-kindness and power! Hear our thanksgivings unto Thee for all the joy

that Thou puttest into mortal life; but chiefly for the joy that comes of sin forgiven, weakness strengthened, victory promised, life eternal looked for.

Prayers GEORGE DAWSON

December 23

I ALWAYS found that when I had been guilty of some small offence my parents forgave me, and I reasoned therefrom that God, too, would forgive me. I was told so much about His love, you see, that I couldn't doubt that. I thank Him that I never have doubted that.

The Happy Moralist HUBERT BLAND

December 24

IN small matters in which we cannot go wrong, we have our choice. But in the big things, on which we might easily make shipwreck, we are left without an option. And most of all is this the case when it comes to the matter of the soul and its salvation. "There is *none other Name* under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." We are shut up here, without choice or alternative. Jesus stands in splendid solitude as the one and only Saviour. And I, in entrusting

my poor soul to Him, feel glad to relinquish, in this august instance, my native passion for picking and choosing.

Mountains in the Mist FRANK W. BOREHAM

December 25

LOVE came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love Divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and Angels gave the sign.

Worship we the Godhead,
Love Incarnate, Love Divine;
Worship we our Jesus:
But wherewith for sacred sign?

Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love for plea and gift and sign.

Christmas CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

December 26

HOW much of the pleasure that Christmas sends
Lies in the greeting of absent friends!

ANON

December 27

FATHER,
We thank Thee that we can imagine no good thing,
No generous love, no forgiving mercy, no redeeming purity,
That has not a place in Thee—
Nay, that is not but a feeble travesty
Of these fair things as they exist in Thee.

We thank Thee that our highest ideals
Are but faint reflections of the reality in Thyself.

We thank Thee that we can never hope to conceive
How willingly Thou givest Thy children all good things.

We thank Thee that no human thought
Can ever exaggerate Thy love,
Or the richness of the gifts it would shower upon us.

A Book of Prayers written for use in an Indian College — JOHN S. HOYLAND

December 28

WE would not lose sad memories, if we might;
The very saddest brings
Not merely darkness, nor recurring night,
But sweet illuminings.

Hast seen Correggio's picture? In the stall,
While all without is night,
A holy radiance sheddeth over all
Its calm celestial light.

See, from the infant Christ that light is shed
Through all the lowly room;
The darkness is cast out, the sadness fled,
The Light of Life is come.

The heaviest losses cannot blind our eyes,
Or leave us in despair;
Where Christ has come, all overclouded skies
Reflect His radiance rare.

Christmas RICHARD H. THOMAS

December 29

"I CAN only tell you what I have felt to be the only thing which makes life endurable at a time of real sorrow—God Himself. He comes unutterably near in trouble. In fact, one scarcely knows He exists until one loves or sorrows. There is no 'getting over' sorrow. I hate the idea. But there is a 'getting into' sorrow, and finding right in the heart of it the dearest of all human beings —the Man of Sorrows, a God. This may sound as commonplace, but it is awfully real to me. I cling to God. I believe He exists. If He does not, I can explain nothing. If He does, all whom

we love are safer with Him than with us. If we can only get nearer ourselves to God, we shall get nearer to those whom we love, for they too are in God."

Letters to His Friends FORBES ROBINSON

December 30

SHALL I not sing praise to Thee,
Shall I not give thanks, O Lord?
Since for us in all I see
How Thou keepest watch and ward;
How the truest, tenderest love
Ever fills Thy heart, my God,
Helping, cheering, on their road,
All who in Thy service move.
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

PAUL GERHARDT

December 31

PEACE! perfect peace! our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

BISHOP EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH

CHRIST is conquering; Christ is reigning; Christ is triumphing.

CHARLEMAGNE'S MOTTO

"ALL will be well," we say, and seek to gather
Light for the sad hour from to-morrow's ray :
Oh, that we might this truth lay hold on rather—
Our Lord is here, and all is well-to-day.

Dwells He apart from any trusting servant
When clouds prevail, and adverse winds arise ?
Doth He not hear, or grows His love less fervent
Because of raging seas and stormy skies ?

To-day the life abundant in us liveth ;
To-day the truth eternal is our guide ;
To-day the Love unmeasured freely giveth
Himself—and can we lack for aught beside ?

To-day His mercy and His power enfold us ;
To-day His blessed footprints mark our way ;
To-day His Father's hand is strong to hold us :
All things are ours, and all is well to-day.

It is Well THOMAS R. ROBINSON

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